

# Sports Illustrated

A large, white fishing boat with a dark blue hull is shown from a low angle, moving through dark, choppy water. The boat has a complex superstructure with multiple levels. A man in a light-colored uniform stands on the uppermost platform, looking out. Below him, another man wearing a cap is visible in the cockpit area. The boat is leaving a white wake behind it. The sky is a clear, pale blue. The overall tone is professional and dynamic.

AUGUST 2, 1992

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## Next week

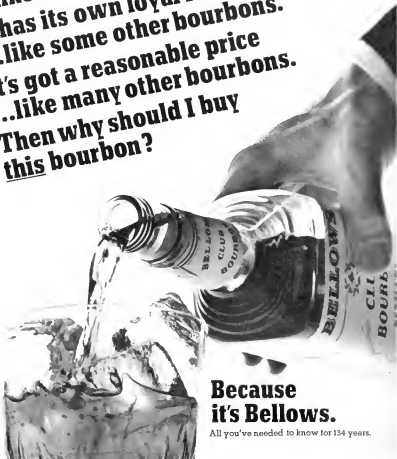
**LATIN BASEBALL PLAYERS**, to the delight of their countrymen, are swarming over the majors. Robert H. Boyl: reports on their individuality and absolute passion for baseball.

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## BOOKTALK

Bygone and the great outdoors are the pleasant themes in new books of memoirs.

Under outdoor assets comes fishing," says Alfred Bertram Guthrie Jr. in *The Blue Heron's Chick* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95), skimming a theme that is repeated frequently these days in the recollections of literary men. In 1901 Guthrie's father, an Indiana schoolteacher, moved to Montana to become the principal of the high school at Choteau, a town 30 miles from the railroad with one church, two general stores, and four saloons. As the author of that pioneer work of western realism, *The Boy*, Mr. Guthrie does not minimize the harshness of life in Choteau. Six of his mother's nine children died. His father managed to escape being called a seer, but it took heroic efforts—once he walked up to a revolver pointed at him and took possession of it. And even readers with reasonably strong stomachs may object to the uniforms, out-house and the well-though lethal practical jokes that passed for humor in that country.

But these recollections of outdoor life have an elemental integrity and sometimes a sort of cathartic poetry. "The joy of hunting was beyond accounting, once I was old enough to be trusted, if anxiously, with my father's old shotgun," Guthrie says. When the season opened, the boys did their chores in the morning. As soon as school was out they raced home, changed their clothes, grabbed guns and shells and hunted miles across country to heaver dams and perches. "I loved to bring the birds down, to take quick aim at mallards, pintails, teal and prairie chicken on the wing and feel the 12-gauge bounce against my battered shoulder and see the flight stopped short and the broken target fall." When night began closing in they went home heavily laden, singing as they slipped along, accompanied by the unforgettable "wild smell of blood and feathers and exploded powder."

Guthrie's literary recollections are so particular in comparison with these that one wonders how much his newspaper work, or his spectacular success in Hollywood with *Shane*, really meant to him.

Outdoor life, and especially hunting, serves as an even more important spur to literary imitation in *Remember the Bird*, by William Chapman (Doubleday, \$5.95), an unusual and original memoir of life on a Sioux reservation in South Dakota. A good-natured, sensitive individual, Chapman was enjoying life as an editor and a man of letters in Princeton, N.J., when the illness of his youngest son sent the whole family West. Trying to find a climate that would help the boy's asthma, they followed a zigzag course from Fort Delmonco, Ariz. to a fishing camp on the Pine River in Colorado,

to a cabin on the Madison River in Wyoming, this last made memorable because a friendly moose stopped by every night for a drink at the river. They came to a halt after 8,000 miles at the Standing Rock Reservation, where for three years Chapman ran an Episcopal school for Indian youngsters.

About half of *Remember the Bird* consists of wryly understated accounts of scholastic inadequacies as Chapman tried to control 180 enigmatic Sioux boys and girls. The remainder is made up of sharp, unadorned sketches, generally vivid and sometimes brilliant, of reservations characters who ranged from heroes to killers. One of the most memorable characters was Ambrose, *Little Ghost* (5d, Nov. 25, 1967), with whom Chapman's boys bonded; "the greatest hunter I have ever known. The first time they went with him—I had never met him before—I lost half my 30-06 Littlefield and four shells. They came back with three deer in the back of the pickup and without saying a word, *Little Ghost* handed me one shell."

Such books as *The Blue Heron's Chick* and *Remember the Bird* make it plain that for literary men hunting and fishing are not so much recreation as tangible links with the past. Chapman makes that past remarkably alive, sometimes because of the people he knew, like Harry Bone Club, whose father fought against Custer, more often because the incidents of modern school life seem to be survivals of things that once happened every day. The long dark winters when life revolved around the basketball games do not seem essentially different from the days when Lewis and Clark wintered nearby. The school team was excellent. "The Sioux came charging down the court, teeth gleaming, hair burning, graceful, daring. It was three fast passes and shoot. It was the only time you ever saw the local Indians behaving in a way which somehow reflected a touch of their ancient attitude toward life, and you regretted that there could not be more of it for them in these times."

In *The Woods and the Sea* (Knopf, \$5.95), the naturalist Dudley Canfield Lum makes the theme of these books explicit. "I am one who likes links with the past," he says. His past is a sunny Maine highland; his grandfather's home, remembered for its abundance of cherries and peaches, delightful summers at Pine Point, where fire balloons were sent aloft on the fourth of July if there was a light offshore and the marvelous clam-bakes of Uncle Ira on the shore of some tidal river, reachable only by horseback canoe, easily came trips past the relief of log drives, "barns, cribs, sluices, dams, tramways, yards, tow roads." Many of these relics are rotting into oblivion. "The forest is taking over again," Lum says. He closes his book with a plea that moors be kept from the proposed Appalachian National Rereway. "Keep it wild," he says. "For God's sake, keep it wild."

—ROBERT CANTWILL



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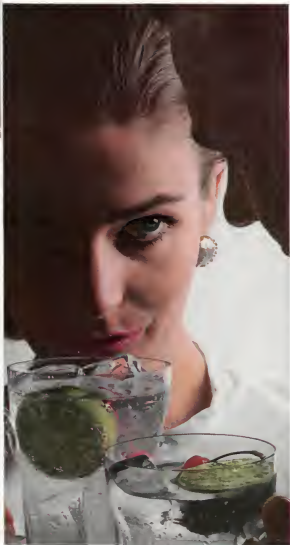
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# SCORECARD

## WHALE'S PROGRESS (CONT.)

When last we left Namu the killer whale (SI, July 26), he was lolling along at sea on his way to a Seattle aquarium. Around him was a flimsy cage, an armada of little boats, some other visiting whales and a wonderfully lunatic air of long-sustained suspense. In short, the entire adventure was about as shaky as the cage.

It was becoming a good deal sturdier as Namu neared Seattle last Sunday. The Free-Namu forces, still hopeful that he would escape, continued to fight, but weakly. They cited an obscure state law that prohibits feeding Namu people-food, such as salmon. But Thor Tollefson, state fisheries chief, granted a 30-day amnesty which, hopefully, would give Namu's owner, Edward Griffin, time to wean the whale to trash fish.

Maybe. Another state biologist said killer whales eat only live food and, therefore, Namu probably was not eating the dead salmon thrown to him but instead was living on his blubber while waiting for a few fat seals to swim by. If this proved true, Owner Edward Griffin might end up exhibiting the world's skinniest whale. No one thought that seal lovers—or even fur-coat lovers—would hold still if Griffin tried to provide Namu with his favorite fare.

About that exhibit. Enter more humans with an idea about as brave—or as crazy—as any so far. They will donate a nylon-coated fabric to line Namu's cage while a permanent viewing pool is being built. "We'll put in the liner like making up a hospital bed with the patient in it," said one spokesman. That means rolling Namu from side to side while the bottom sheet is tucked under. Odds in Seattle bars are 8 to 5 it can't be done.

And what of Namu himself? Over last weekend he swam calmly along, full of salmon—or blubber—and seemingly happy, except for a quarter-acre expanse of sunburned dorsal fin. By now incapable of being surprised by anything, even a sunburned whale, his keepers tried to brush the fin with zinc oxide and mineral oil, using a paintbrush tied to a 15-foot

pole. Namu bared his teeth at them and the talk turned to erecting some sort of parasol to shade him.

Killer whales are reputed to be vastly intelligent; yet here is one, caught in a flimsy net, possibly hungry and certainly sunburned, who looks less smart by the mile. This week ought to tell. Perhaps Namu is smarter than we think. Maybe, like all of us, he can hardly wait to see what will happen next.

## FRONT MAN

Grand Prix Driver Jim Clark is a happy robot. He climbs into the Lotus that Engineer-manager Colin Chapman builds, drives the race that Colin Chapman advises and almost always wins—five out of five so far this year, more than most drivers win in a lifetime. He missed the Grand Prix of Monaco because he was busy that day collecting \$166,621 for winning the Indianapolis 500.

It is all but a foregone conclusion that Clark will win the World Driving and Manufacturers championships this year. To clinch it he need win only one of the four remaining races. At the rate he is going he can almost triple the record lifetime total of Grand Prix victories (24) set by the legendary Juan Fangio.

## NEPTUNE THE CADDIE

If you are not quite 9 years old, have been playing golf since you were 4, hold the national Pee Wee golf championship but still are banned from most courses because of your age, where do you practice? Beverly Klass, the slender California lass who whipped the best 8 and 9 year olds in the nation to win the Pee Wee title in Orlando, Fla., improvises.

She drives into a net in her backyard. She practices her short irons in the front yard, using as a hazard a big tree with a huge V created by limbs.

"When she first started chipping at the tree she couldn't reach it," her nongolfing father, Jack, reports. "Now, after four years, she splits the V and shatters a few windows, too."

Beverly gets in some long iron and wood work at Casey Stengel's driving

range in Burbank, which is normal enough, but her most ingenious improvisation is to use the ocean as a caddy.

"We go out to some remote section of Malibu," her father explained, "and Beverly uses her sand wedge and pops the balls into the ocean. When she uses her woods we place a large mat in the damp sand and she slams away into the Pacific."

Plastic balls are used and they float back ashore on the incoming waves.

## THE SEASON OPENS

Every year about this time intrepid individuals begin crossing the English Channel to set some new record: on water skis, by bicycle, in a kite, submerged or by just plain swimming. Bob Platten, a London bank clerk, has previously crossed in a canoe, an iron bedstead and a barrel. Last week he poured himself into a Gilbey's Gin bottle (giant economy size), cut a hole in the side for a 4½-hp motor and set a no-deposit, no-return bottle record of eight hours 20 minutes.

While Platten is preparing for his next voyage—in a banana—a strictly conventional record may be set by Linda Carol McGill. The 19-year-old Australian competed in four events at the 1964



Olympics: the individual medley, the 100-meter butterfly, the 200-meter breaststroke and the 400-meter medley relay. She is now in London working days as a switchboard operator and nights as a barmaid in a Fleet Street pub, where bottles are for selling, not for sailing. Her ambition is to better the women's Channel record of 11 hours one minute.

One of the reasons Linda McGill is training for a 21-mile marathon instead

continued

# Tiffany Eubank won't without her Green Stripe



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### SCORECARD *continued*

of the standard 100-meter sprint is that she was also a member of Dawn Fraser's freestyle team of free swimmers at the Tokyo Olympics, whose exploits included an attempt to cross the moat of the Imperial Palace on a bike. She was punished like the others. For her efforts on behalf of the team she was placed under a four-year ban from all competition in regulation pools. The Channel is not a regulation pool.

### THE HOT-SEAT ANGLER

Most rod-and-reel fishermen deplore the use of the harpoon on such splendid fighters as the broadbill swordfish, though the excuse is often given that the fish refused a persistently presented bait. ("Persistently" sometimes means two passes.) Now comes a new threat to sport—the electric harpoon.

Edward L. Gerry, a Massachusetts resident who summers at Bustin's Island, Me., has been using the new harpoon this season with depressing success. Very like the conventional harpoon, except that it delivers 250 volts when Gerry presses a button, it has accounted for hundreds of pounds of marketable tuna so far. The prosperous Gerry concedes that he does not need the money, but goes on to add: "I'd like to see this boat pay for itself. I spend an awful lot of money for gas."

On one recent day in Casco Bay he took two tuna, one weighing 538 pounds, the other 615. Such big fish, he said, require at least 40 seconds of voltage. "It stiffens them right up," he said. "We slide them back to the stern, gaff them and they're aboard in a few minutes." Needless to say, an electrocuted tuna gives very little fight.

On the other hand, said Gerry, 250 volts is too much for swordfish. "When you hit a swordfish with this," he explained, "it breaks his backbone into about 800 pieces. It turns the fish to jelly." So on a two-week trip to the sword-fishing grounds on Georges Banks in August he will experiment with lower voltage. A spotting plane will cost him \$100 a day plus \$10 for every fish discovered, but Gerry expects to boat up to 10 fish a day. They average 250 pounds and are worth 50¢ a pound in the market. He should be able to buy lots of gas.

"It kinda takes the sport out of it," a Maine fisherman observed with characteristic understatement, after watching Gerry bring in a passively nonresistant

tuna. And even the directors of the "anything goes" Bailey Island Tuna Tournament, open to rod-and-reel fishermen, harpooners and handliners, have barred the electric gear, along with hand grenades, depth charges, poison and other efficient fish-killers.

#### WHO BUILT THE ARK?

*Mammals of the World* is the latest in mammoth reference guides on all the known genera and species of mammalian life. Author Ernest Walker spent 30 years compiling his scholarly work, which totals 2,269 pages (Johns Hopkins Press, \$37). In it, nature's grand scheme is finally brought into proper perspective—species *Homo sapiens* is dismissed in one page. Bats get 214.

#### ILL-PLACED STATUE

The largest underwater park in the world is John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park, a matter of minutes by boat from Key Largo and startlingly beautiful in the clarity of its multicolored waters. Now something incongruous is about to be added.

A statue called *Christ of the Abyss*, a duplicate of that in the harbor mouth of Genoa, Italy, will shortly be lowered into the park waters, to a depth of about 12 feet. The statue was given by Italian skin divers as a gesture of friendship toward fellow divers in the Underwater Society of America.

The gift was well-intentioned, certainly, but its intrusion into a natural, pristine setting can only be considered tasteless—comparable to the defacement of South Dakota's Mt. Rushmore with the sculpture of Gutzon Borglum.

The fact that the statue is one of Christ—as Borglum's carvings are of revered Presidents—does not excuse the incursion. It is by no means an act of piety to violate a setting that should be forever as it was created.

#### CHARLITO AT 21

Faced with the very real prospect of losing to Mexico at Dallas this week in the Davis Cup, the U.S. tennis forces were a little embarrassed over the weekend when a U.S. player who is notably not a member of the team blithely beat the two best players in the world in the Pennsylvania grass-court championships. Charles Pasarell, 21, from Puerto Rico and UCLA, walloped the Australian Davis Cup team, Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle, six sets to one. It was the first time either one had lost

to an American on grass since 1963.

The question is whether Pasarell has finally fulfilled the promise many saw in him when he was U.S. Junior Champion in 1961. He had had other big wins before the dumbofounding events of last week, but "Charlito"—as they cry at him at home—is erratic and is ranked only 12th nationally. He sometimes loses to guys named Smith, which is what happened in the very first round of the National Clay Courts two weeks ago. Stanley Smith, really! But that was clay, and perhaps we finally do have a new grass-court threat?

"Frankly, the best thing that could have happened to Charlie was not being named to the team," Pasarell's old coach, the respected Welby Van Horn, said in San Juan. "He worried about it too much. Now he can just play." Pasarell wrote Van Horn in May, confused that he had not made good those teenage promises: "I haven't had constant attention as to what I should do. I thought improvement would just come with time, but I'm not mature enough to learn this game by myself."

"The way this game is played now," says Van Horn, "maturity takes longer to come. It's harder. And there's always a barrier, too, that line of demarcation between the players who think they can do it and those who know they can. I think maybe Charlie passed that barrier last week."

"If you must send flowers, send them to South Orange this week," Roy Emerson said. "I like carnations."

#### RINGERS

The St. Patrick's Church basketball team won the 10th grade championship in the San Francisco Catholic Youth Organization league. Before the season opened, Father Charles Durkin, in a spirit of ecumenism, invited any neighborhood kid to try out. Response was excellent. The starting five on the championship team were all Baptists.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Don Klosterman, talent scout for the Kansas City Chiefs, on living in Kansas City: "It's a little like living in purgatory. It's not exactly heaven, but it isn't hell."
- Brian Piccolo, the nation's collegiate rushing leader at Wake Forest last fall, on the possibility that he might be too short and slow to play professional football: "I thought all you had to be was good enough."

END

# ask\*



\*It's worth asking for!

# SANDY MAKES A PITCH FOR POSTERITY

*Protected from further arm trouble by doctors, messieurs, pills, ointments, an ever-ready bucket of ice water and the fervent prayers of his teammates, Sandy Koufax has a good chance to win 30 games and set a new strikeout record (see chart at right) while keeping the Los Angeles Dodgers at the top of the National League pennant race*

by JOE JARES



# HOW KOUFAX COMPARES WITH FELLER AND DIZ

|                     | G  | IP  | H   | ER  | SO  | W  | L  | ERA  |
|---------------------|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|------|
| DIZZY DEAN (1934)   | 60 | 302 | 288 | 78  | 198 | 30 | 7  | 2.88 |
| BOB FELLER (1946)   | 48 | 371 | 277 | 183 | 248 | 28 | 18 | 3.18 |
| SANDY KOUFAX (1965) | 24 | 198 | 138 | 41  | 252 | 17 | 3  | 3.02 |

Sandy Koufax sat on the padded bench in the third-base dugout at Dodger Stadium last week, the white towel draped around his neck accentuating the dark brown stubble on his handsome face. It was the last of the ninth inning against the Houston Astros, there were two outs and the score was tied 2-2. Then Jim Lefebvre walked and Jim Gilliam was walked intentionally to get at the next batter, Sandy himself. Manager Walter Alton, knowing the top of his batting order would be coming up in the 10th, decided to let the pitcher bat.

"I'm going to drive him in," said Koufax. He discarded the towel and his blue jacket, toted his bat to the plate and hit the first pitch between shortstop and third to score Lefebvre from second base and win his own game 3-2.

That is the kind of season it has been for Sandy Koufax, a man to whom great seasons, or at least great partial seasons, have become almost routine. With the invaluable aid of brightly colored capsules, two masseurs, gobs of red ointment and enough ice to build an igloo, Koufax has established a record of 17-3 and is well on his way to becoming the first pitcher to win 30 games in one season since Dizzy Dean did it in 1934, the year before Koufax was born. With his total of 222 strikeouts, he has an even better chance to surpass Bobby Feller's season strikeout record of 348, set in

1946. Finally, and not incidentally, Koufax, with the help of his pitching partner, Don Drysdale, and the base stealing of Maury Wills, is keeping the weak-hitting, injury-riddled Dodgers at the top of the National League standings, defying the laws of logic.

Indexed to date, this has been Koufax's greatest year: he has started 24 games and has pitched nine or more innings in 18 of them. Only twice has he been hit hard and neither time was he charged with the loss. The three games he did lose were by scores of 4-3, 6-3 and 2-1, and the last of them was on May 26. Since then he has won 11 in a row and has been almost untouchable. Assuming he can start 16 more games, Koufax must win 13 to reach 30, which means that he must step up his already remarkable ratio of victories to games started, a difficult task.

The strikeout record seems more readily available. Whereas most pitchers traditionally depend on one pitch for strikeouts—their curve or fast ball—Koufax can strike out a batter with anything he throws, curve, fast ball or changeup, over each of which he has remarkable control. Koufax has averaged 9.3 strikeouts for his first 24 starts, and if he can continue that pace for 16 more games he will finish the season with some 370, well past Feller's 19-year-old record.

His Dodger teammates enjoy talking

*continued*

*Fellowing through in classic style, Sandy Koufax puts the finishing touch on another strikeout.*

about Koufax but, with the ballplayer's traditional superstitiousness, they do not want to discuss 30 victories and/or 348 strikeouts any more than he does. All that Sandy will say is that—in another grand tradition of baseball—he thinks about just one game at a time. "You're talking about 30 wins and that's a lot," says Pitching Coach Lefty Phillips. "Both Drysdale and Koufax, every time they pitch, give a good account of themselves. The hot months, August and Sep-

tember, won't bother Sandy. He's pitched pretty consistently, unless he's been hurt."

Unless he's been hurt. Unless, but, except and if. These are the words that must haunt Sandy Koufax beneath his mild, nice-guy exterior.

"Do you know what's been really great about this season?" Koufax said recently. "So far I haven't missed a single turn. Win or lose, I've been able to pitch every four days."

No one could possibly appreciate the significance of this more than Koufax himself, for there have been times during the last four seasons when it looked as though he would never pitch again. In July of 1962 he was ripping along with more than 200 strikeouts and a 14-5 record when he developed a clot in the deep ulnar arch of his precious left palm. Eventually it affected the index finger on his left hand, and for a while there was danger that the finger would have to be amputated. Sandy was for all practical purposes through for the season—and so were the Dodgers.

Disuse, injury and opposing batsmen did not bother him in 1963, when he won 25, lost five and struck out 306 for a National League record, but early last August he dove into second base in a game against Milwaukee and hurt his left elbow. Although he took his next two turns on the mound and won both games, the elbow became painful and useless. He did not pitch the rest of the year, departing with a 39-5 record, 223 strikeouts and a 1.74 earned run average, the best in the league.

When Dean Chance won the Cy Young award last year he said in a moment of remarkable humility, "I'm not the best pitcher, Koufax is. He may be the greatest pitcher who ever lived. Everyone knows he can't be beat when he's right. That's what you call a pitcher. I really admire him."

Sandy did not touch a baseball in the off season, and when he came into camp this spring he was as "tight" as ever. For about a month. Then he had to leave Vero Beach and fly to Los Angeles for treatment of a "traumatic arthritic condition of the left elbow." The elbow joint was filling with fluid, as an water on the knee. The doctors said it had been developing for a "considerable time." Tremors ran through Florida, California, Wall Street and Walter O'Malley's heart.

There was speculation that this time Koufax was really through, out of baseball just as he reached the juicy \$70,000 bracket. But after some treatment the doctors said he probably would be able to pitch once a week. Finally, after he pitched well at the end of spring training, they allowed him to take his regular turn. The Dodgers would settle for once a week if they had to, but—cross your fingers, knock on wood, say a prayer—they have not had to.

BERNARD F. HERTZMAN



Before pitching, game's most valuable arm is massaged with hot ointment by Dodger trainer.



Koufax' physical well-being is entrusted to the team physicians, Dr. Robert Woods and Dr. Robert Kerlan, and Trainers Wayne Anderson and Bill Buhler, expert rubbers and kneaders. Sandy is sensitive to inferences that he is a house orchid in need of constant loving care, and friends are quick to defend him.

"I've read reports that Sandy Koufax is a guy who lays on tables and gets worked on two hours at a time," says Anderson. "It's not true and it's not fair. People will begin to think he's a hypochondriac."

"He's been an unfortunate guy. He's got guts. I've seen him whip things that would make other people go home and get the lunch pail. He's had two serious ailments. The guy has a big heart."

Big back muscles, too. More muscular than any pitcher Anderson has seen in 18 years in the big leagues. He says Sandy has even bigger back muscles, in fact, than Ted Kluszewski, the King-Kongish citizen who used to make pitchers tremble when he came to bat for Cincinnati in his sleeveless shirt. Although the muscles help explain Sandy's great fast ball, they also make it difficult for him to get loosened up properly much before the third or fourth inning of a ball game. In two of his three losses he was in trouble early, and it was in the second inning that Houston scored its two runs against him last week. After that, zero.

One thing that helps Koufax loosen up is Capsolin, an evil-looking red ointment that should be handled only by people with asbestos instead of flesh on their hands. Someone, as a gag, smeared some of it over the team photographer's back a few seasons ago and the poor man had to be treated for shock.

"Sandy needs a lot of Capsolin, more than any pitcher I've ever seen," says Anderson. "We put a whole tube of it on his shoulder and back. Don Newcombe is the only guy who ever came close to using as much."

In addition, Koufax gets a light back rub and a light arm stretch. Fifteen minutes before the game he is completely dressed and ready to throw on the sidelines, basking up to the last few pitches, which he throws just as hard as if he were in a game.

During the game Sandy's left arm swells. "You measure the whole arm before and after the game," said Dr. Woods, "and there's a tremendous dif-



After pitching, arm gets 30-minute bath in basin of ice water to reduce inevitable swelling.

ference. Most pitchers' arms swell but on Sandy it's a very definite change in size, as much as an inch, especially up around the shoulders—the upper arm. The reason for this is he's using centrifugal force that propels a great deal of blood into the arm and the blood doesn't get a chance to come back because he's repeating the action time after time after time."

Trainers Buhler and Anderson reduce the swelling after the game by having Koufax stick his elbow in a sink full of ice for 20 to 30 minutes. To prevent his skin from being burned by the ice, he puts his arm through two cutoff wind-breaker sleeves before submerging. If there is no sink available on the road, he uses a bucket or anything else that is handy. Application of a pregame ointment is an old routine, but he has been getting the frozen-dasquiri treatment

only since the arthritis was discovered.

A medical expert could look at the Koufax index finger today and find no trace of the former trouble, but there always is a threat that the arthritis in Sandy's elbow will knock him out of the starting rotation and ruin the Dodgers' pennant chances. Before and after he pitches he takes Butazolidin alkali, orange-and-white capsules that are described by Dr. Kerlan as an "anti-inflammatory medication you cannot take promiscuously. You have to take it under rigid control."

"He still gets swelling between games," says Dr. Kerlan. "Nobody knows when it will swell too much. He's bound to have another flare-up sometime, just as sure as the sun sets."

The Dodgers are praying that the sun will not set before late October—and will rise again in March.

END

# A FINAL BLAZE OF NON-SUCCESS

*The once invincible Peter Snell, unable to recapture his Olympic skills, retires on a downbeat, but he goes home to New Zealand comforted and inspired by the plaudits he received even in defeat* **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Peter Snell has a book—his autobiography—coming out in November, and the chapter he has not finished yet is the next to last. The last chapter tells how nice it is going to be now that he can take his wife slopping around Mission Bay in the 12½-footer that Sally calls their yacht and dirty his knees in the flower garden of their suburban Auckland home and do a lot of serious nontraining and generally enjoy the life of a nonsmoking public relations man for a New Zealand tobacco company. The chapter he has not done yet is the one where he explains how it feels to go out in a final blaze of non-success.

From Toronto in early June to Berlin on July 17, Peter George Snell, at one time as invincible a runner as ever pulled on a singlet, an ominous opponent in his black underwear and with all those muscles, Peter Snell in less than two months lost nine straight races—nine more than anyone thought possible at the climax of his laudable career. Almost in a twinkling he had become a terribly vulnerable champion. At distances he had dominated, he lost to all sorts of people, runners like May and Simpson, Odlozil and the American teen-ager Ryun (see *chew?*). Three times he lost to Jim Grelle. Toward the end of the tour it became less a question of how to beat Snell and more of who would beat him. Bill Crothers said it was very sad, that "other runners feel badly to see him like this. . . . He seems to have lost that little spark that made him great."

Where had he lost it? Why? At age 26,

had he slipped so badly? Or had the optimism, en masse, suddenly caught up?

To begin with, any analysis must take into account that Snell was always an anomaly in the business of distance running. The Belgian Roger Moens, when beaten by Snell in the 1960 Olympics, said that Snell "will never get anywhere. He's too heavy." Moens was exercising his right to be a poor loser, but by the standards of the breed Snell is heavy: 175 pounds (he is just under 5 feet 11), with powerful shoulders, 16½-inch calves. He does not have the ascetic look of the classic distance runner; he looks rather like an athletic Andy Griffith. Unlike most distance runners, he was first an all-round athlete, an outstanding left-handed tennis player, a boxer, a swimmer and a cricket and Rugby football player. As a runner he did not have the great finesse of Herb Elliott, the plodding dedication of Ron Clarke. He merely ran people to exhaustion, with long finishing kicks, and when he had completed the job he was usually less winded than the newsmen who flocked to listen to his quiet, painfully thought-out explanations. Once he set four world records in 15 days. He won the Olympic gold medal in 800 meters in Rome in 1960, branched out and won the 800 and 1,500 meters in Tokyo in 1964. Except for one trumped-up mile race in Dublin shortly after the Rome Olympics, he was never beaten outside his native New Zealand—until this fateful tour.

He was awesome to see when he ran, his great calves bulging, his arms punch-

ing the air, his head slightly rolling, his face impassive—a little unconcerned, it seemed. But he was not a man of abiding self-confidence. He said he always needed "somebody sympathetic to lean on." His wife Sally said he had to be "bolstered," and his coach of seven years, Arthur Lydiard, had to keep after him to train. He had rifts with Lydiard over this. Once, early in his running career, Snell said of the 20-mile practice runs he took: "When it's pouring with rain and you're bowling along, wet-through, in the dark, there's a satisfaction just in knowing you're out there and the others aren't." But he became increasingly envious of the others who weren't. In 1961 and again in 1963 there were great dips in his progress. Typical of his competitive passion, he always came back strong.

It was after Tokyo that he decided to make this last tour. He wanted to improve the 1,500-meter and mile records, and he wanted to see some of the world he had missed in his more serious travels. And, after all, would it not help his book to finish well?

But his training had gone badly. In March he complained, "I should be doing more now. But there is still time." In May, running on grass, he slipped and fell heavily on his left hip. Trying to come back too soon, he strained a muscle in his left calf. It was the first muscle trouble he could recall in two or three years. Unable to do much speed work, he missed that little bit of extra sharpness.

When he won over Grelle—barely—



Each new setback found Snell shaking his disappointment behind confident predictions

on June 4 in a 3:56.4 mile in Compton, he said he found it "very hard." He was nevertheless sure he would improve. In Vancouver, however, he had stomach distress and for weeks carried in his overnight case a little white bottle of Kaopectate. The tip-off that Snell was not the real Snell came at San Diego on June 27. At the head of the stretch he was three yards behind the 18-year-old Ryan. Three yards for Peter Snell? Nothing. He made his move—the most powerful, perhaps, in history. Then he hung there, as if held by a pin. He gained barely a yard and no more. It was a fast mile, to be sure, but Snell had never before lost a fast race.

He kept saying, believing, that he would get the necessary sharpness, if not at Helsinki ("my legs have no life," he said there), then at London or Dublin. And at Prague, where he lost his seventh straight, he said, "I will not quit until I regain my top form." In Berlin, when he finally realized he was not going to, he abruptly ended the tour.

In retrospect Snell realized that he had put a lot into his Tokyo preparation, more than he was willing to put into the tour, "perhaps, reasonably, because I was sort of wanting a rest. And I had more or less already proved myself the best.

"I know full well that if I wanted to go back home and rest a bit I could do something again next year. But I've made a decision to retire. It happens to have been very ill-timed. But that will not make me change my mind."

Snell says there is a New Zealander he knows who is over the hill and still running, "and it is kind of painful to see," but he does not think of himself as over the hill, and the trip was not so pitiful as it may have appeared. "I felt enriched in many ways—new friendships, the receptions I received. I was shown that, win or lose, I have earned a place in the feelings of fans all over the world."

Last week he appeared in Erfurt immediately after his 1,000-meter record was broken by Jürgen May. He was in street clothes when he went onto the track to congratulate the East German. When he appeared, Snell said, "there was pandemonium." He said this wonderingly, proudly, as if just realizing a great truth. No one, he said, had to introduce him. **END**

#### PETER SNELL'S DISASTROUS TOUR

| DATE | PLACE       | EVENT   | WON BY                            | SNELL         |
|------|-------------|---------|-----------------------------------|---------------|
| 6 4  | Los Angeles | mile    | Snell (3:56.4)<br>2nd: Jim Grelle | 1st (3:56.4)  |
| 6 10 | Toronto     | 880 yds | Bill Crothers (1:48.4)            | 2nd (1:48.6)  |
| 6 16 | Vancouver   | mile    | Jim Grelle (3:55.4)               | 10th (4:15.4) |
| 6 27 | San Diego   | mile    | Jim Ryan (3:55.3)                 | 2nd (3:55.4)  |
| 7 1  | Helsinki    | 1,500 m | Jim Grelle (3:40.8)               | 5th (3:43.7)  |
| 7 3  | London      | mile    | Josef Odlovic (3:56.8)            | 7th (3:59.7)  |
| 7 5  | Dublin      | mile    | Alvin Simpson (3:56.9)            | 3rd (3:59.9)  |
| 7 9  | Prague      | 1,500 m | Jürgen May (3:42.1)               | 3rd (3:42.6)  |
| 7 14 | Oslo        | 800 m   | Bill Crothers (1:47.1)            | 2nd (1:47.8)  |
| 7 17 | Berlin      | 1,500 m | Jim Grelle (3:44)                 | 3rd (3:45.1)  |



## RISE OF A NEW STAR NAMED PIA

Nearly everyone came out to cheer for Kelso (No. 1, above) including the president of his own fan club, but a colt just starting to show his class, Pia Star, ran away with the Brooklyn Handicap

by WHITNEY TOWER

The breathless, muggy heat was a heavy blanket over New York's Aqueduct racetrack last Saturday, but the 49,028 horseplayers really were sweating in nervous anticipation. At exactly 25 minutes before post time for the 77th running of the \$100,000-added mile-and-a-quarter Brooklyn Handicap the nervousness erupted audibly. First it was a ripple of applause from the standees pressed close to one another on the hot concrete apron leading into the clubhouse turn. Then Kelso—five times Horse of the Year and making his first start in New York in a comeback at the grand old age of 8—was slowly led by his groom to the walking ring, and the clapping and cheering rolled out louder and louder. The richest and most popular horse in racing, with earnings of \$1,908,064, was back home at the track where he had won 19 out of 24 starts, ready to run in a tough handicap that he had first won in 1961 when his present competitors were romping about as hopeful suckling foals.

Kelso has filled out in his old age to about 1,050 pounds, a gain of about 20 since he won last fall's Laurel International by more than four lengths over his arch-rival Gun Bow. As he walked into the ring, those fans closest to him snapped cameras and shouted their welcomes. One of them, a 15-year-old schoolgirl from Alexandria, Va., named Heather Noble, had a special interest. Heather, who was dressed in yellow and waving a

gray banner (the colors of Kelso's Bohemia Stable), is founder and president of the Kelso Fan Club. When she arrived at Aqueduct on Saturday the club had 1,016 members. But as she stood saving her place at the rail through the long, hot afternoon, she signed up six new members, and, like any efficient clubwoman, issued identity cards on the spot. When Kelso walked by her, just out of reach, she took his picture, waved her banner and sighed, "He's the greatest," all at the same time.

There is little doubt that Kelso already has proved to be one of the great racehorses of all time. He has been judged the equal of Man o' War by those who observed them both at their prime—and superior to Man o' War by many whose experience does not go back to the seasons of 1919 and 1920. Last fall his owner, Mrs. Richard C. duPont, announced only half-seriously that Kelly, after finally winning the International on his fourth try, would retire—not to stud duty, since he is a gelding but to tour the nation's major tracks in a charity fund-raising drive for equine research. The trouble was, said Trainer Carl Hanford, "that Kelso didn't want to retire. If you stop him completely he gets stiff trouble. He likes to gallop, and he just loves the race-track." As a result, and despite public appearances this spring at Laurel, Keeneland, Churchill Downs and Delaware Park, Kelso galloped daily and has

never been completely out of training.

Although back in training in earnest now, last week in the Brooklyn the greatest horse learned something that has been brought home to many a superathlete who picks up age and weight. Carrying 132 pounds and giving away 11 to each of three talented 4-year-olds and 19 to a fourth, he finished third to Pia Star and Roman Brother, although beaten only four lengths for all the money. In the fall, if he is still asked to give weight

but not as much as 11 pounds, he may be able to teach the "kids" a lesson. But last Saturday he was not quite ready.

It may be fair to say that if Kelso had been equally weighted with this field of four opponents he would have beaten them all. But that is what the handicap game is all about: you must give away weight and still prove you are the best. At the moment the new hero of the division is not one of last year's top 3-year-olds, as is often the case. In fact, Pia Star (whose owner, Mrs. Adis L. Race, also owns Kentucky Derby winner Lucky Debonair) is a colt most people never heard of—or certainly never thought much of—until June of this year. A pulled ligament in one knee kept him from racing at all at 2, and last year his undistinguished record showed only four wins (none of them in stakes races) in 11 starts.

But Pia Star's sire was the brilliant speed horse Olympia, and his dam, In-



quisitive, is by that great broodmare sire, Mahmoud. It is a blooded cross not to be sneered at, and although Dan and Ada Rice weren't too excited about Pia Star's prospects a year ago, Trainer Clyde Trount was fairly optimistic: "He's a big, rough old horse, about 16 hands one inch and 1,100 pounds, and he always acts pretty anxious. I felt we had something pretty good, although I usually prefer to be surprised, not disappointed."

Surprising is hardly the word for what happened on the afternoon of June 19 at Arlington Park. In the Equipose Handicap, Jockey John Sellers turned Pia Star loose and got the sort of response that Trount could only dream about, a mile in 1:33<sup>1</sup> to tie the world record set by Swaps. Then came the Suburban in New York on July 5. At the finish there was Pia Star ahead of Smart and Tenacle, and back in the pack somewhere was a pretty fair horse named Gum Ben.

Is Pia Star all this good? "Well, I'm starting to think he must be," said Sellers an hour before last week's win over Kelso. "My orders are always the same from Mr. Trount: when I leave the gate take a long jumping-rider hold of him and just relax." In the Brooklyn, Sellers did exactly that but, tight hold and all, Pia Star went right on the pace, as Ron Turcotte took Quadrangle along with him for the first part of it. Roman Brother came up gradually to third place, while Kelso, who had been taken back to last by Milo Valenzuela at the break, moved into fourth spot as the field got down to the serious running after the first mile. Valenzuela made his move with Kelso leaving the half-mile pole, and the huge crowd let out a thunderous roar. As he put it later, "We were going so great at the three-eighths pole that I thought we'd

beat them all. But at the eighth pole the weight began telling, especially on an old man like him, and in the last 16th he was finished."

Not so Pia Star and John Sellers. Their time was 2:00<sup>1</sup>—just a second away from Gum Ben's track record. Pia Star had two lengths on Roman Brother, Kelso was another two lengths back, with Quadrangle a disappointing fourth and Repeating last.

This same crew, along with Native Over (SI, July 26), Viking Spirit and Hill Rose, will get together later this season, almost certainly in the fall weight-for-age races like the Woodward and Jockey Club Gold Cup, where Kelso has usually been almost unbeatable. Until then, however, even Heather Noble and her 1,022 Kelso Fan Club members must salute Pia Star. "His name, you know,"

says Ada Rice, "comes from the last three letters of his sire, Olympia, and I guess I stuck on the Star because I wanted him to be a star."

Ada and Dan Rice have not only two hot horses now but also the hottest jockey in Sellers. In just four days last week John rode two stakes winners in New York and one at Hollywood Park. He has won 11 of the last 17 stakes in which he has had a mount. Earlier this summer, he won both the Jersey Derby and Belmont on Hail to All within six days. On both of those occasions he ordered champagne sent to the jocks' room for his fellow riders. Last Saturday at Aqueduct his share of the Brooklyn Handicap purse came to \$6,968. So what did Long John do? He ordered up two cases of beer. That's what happens when you get rich.

END



Kelso Fan Club President Heather Noble raises her banner at Aqueduct's walking ring.

# SLOW SEARCH FOR ANOTHER FRICK

*When baseball's owners met to consider a new commissioner, they mulled over dynamic names like McNamara and Kennedy, but what they really want is an amiable, sympathetic fellow like old Ford Frick* by JACK MANN

It is harder to hold an election in baseball than outside," said Commissioner Ford Frick last week as the lords of the game sat in plenary, cursory session in Dearborn, Mich., to consider his successor. "The problem is these fellows all know each other."

Mr. Frick, the most positive-thinking of men, may not have been suggesting that baseball's owners mistrust each other, but there have been other indications that this is so. Reluctance to place the commissioner's power in the hands of a fellow owner could be one reason why the selection is proceeding so slowly. But the principal reason is that the new commissioner must be just right, a very big man, but not too damned big.

"Kuchel, Calif.," said one of the doodle pads on the green-baize-covered table in the Dearborn Inn, "Dirkson [sic]," said another. "Potter Stewart." Names like Nixon, White, Shriver and McNamara were chewed with the cold cuts at lunch. Baseball was aiming presumptuously high for the status symbol it wanted to present to the world.

"It is important to the public interest to have a national figure," said John E. Fetzer, president of the Detroit Tigers and American League member of the two-man committee that had reduced the list of candidates from a gross 150 to "approximately 20."

"But it is not a qualification," added John W. Galbreath, owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates and Fetzer's partner in the process of elimination. "We're dead serious about getting a man who can really do a job for baseball."

This is a time when baseball franchises are moving like medicine shows, when a 15¢ can of beer goes for 45¢ and when day-night "doubleheaders" allow little boys to be bum's-rushed away after a Saturday afternoon game to make room for a new set of paying customers in the evening. But still baseball's statesmen must try to tread the tortuous path between the abstraction that the good old game belongs to the good old fans and the concrete fact that Walter O'Malley and CBS own the ball and bat.

Fetzer, after mentioning that it would be good if the new commissioner were capable of pitching to spots in legislative halls, described baseball's double image—as sport and business—rather well. In choosing a commissioner, he said, baseball ought to be motivated by "enlightened self-interest in the light of public interest."

Loosely translated, this means that the new commissioner ideally would be a man of renown whose positive identity would blend with baseball's—somebody like General Eisenhower. He would also be a man with political influence and a powerful swift sword to strike down

those who would impugn baseball's fish-and-fowl status before the antitrust laws. Like Bobby Kennedy. And he must never never forget that he is the creature and the instrument of the people who own the ball and bat. Like American League President Joe Cronin, perhaps.

Tough in the legislative halls but oh so gentle about league matters? If such an animal exists, he is not in baseball. But then baseball has pretty well decided

at least for the moment—that it no longer needs, or wants, a baseball man to run the game. Of the 20 eligibles who survived the Dearborn screening, Galbreath said, only three or four were baseball men. It would be "swell," Frick thought, if the man who encompassed all the necessary attributes happened also to know where second base is, but there was the clear implication that this was unlikely.

Once upon a time baseball was a game, and it had this problem: some people dumped a World Series. In the spirit of self-preservation the owners created the office of commissioner and invested it



Dodgers' Baras and Orioles' MacPhail are two of the four baseball men with a chance.



Players' counsel, Judge Robert Canaan, and Bill Shea are too individualistic to be selected.



Still the add-on favorite for the job is Joe Cronin, a man cast in the Ford Frick mold.

with the powers of a czar. Kenesaw Mountain Landis, a tough-minded, spade-calling federal judge, used them accordingly. The old judge may have thrown out a few babies with the bath water (finding a cover-up of players in a team's farm system, he would arbitrarily turn the whole farm system loose), but in his 24-year tenure he made hanky-panky unthinkable. Forever, the owners now assume.

"Baseball no longer needs a policeman," Frick says. "The problems now are business ownership and management. The game's integrity is beyond question."

Fetzer put it another way. "The in-

tegrity of the game is held in impeccable posture. It is a wholesome, clean sport." And a healthy, growing business.

So healthy that in Dearborn the need to reach a decision on who the next commissioner would be did not seem urgent. Most of the doodle pads contained notes like "TWA 4-45" and "United 5-10." The ruling heads of baseball, in convention assembled to create a quasi-messianic figurehead, were already looking for the exits. Fetzer's briefcase contained, by his own estimate, 30 to 35 pounds of intelligence on potential commissioners, but nobody was clamoring for it.

"We'll probably meet again in September," Galbreath said. "Too many people will be away in August." Meanwhile, Fetzer said, the committee had quite a series of indirect contacts to make. "Yes, indirect," he explained. "We have not subjectively contacted anyone, but there are a lot of ways you can do it. Through a friend you can feel somebody out."

"Some prospects have been eliminated," Galbreath said, "not because of unsuitability but because of unavailability. We don't want to embarrass anybody, and we certainly don't want to be embarrassed."

It was suggested that the size of the salary and the length of the term might affect the availability of a man with the stature the owners have in mind. Pete Rozelle's commonly published \$60,000 income as commissioner of the National Football League compares favorably with Frick's \$65,000 considering Rozelle's solid tenure and the prosperity of his enterprise. Supreme Court judges don't make that kind of money, but they have life terms.

"We would be in a position to make the position attractive," Galbreath said. But, he added, neither salary nor tenure was discussed at Dearborn. "You have to remember," Galbreath said, "that these men [the owners] are 20 rugged individualists. It isn't exactly easy for them to reach agreement."

Rugged individualists do not generally gravitate toward other rugged individualists—a fact that certainly militates against a man like Bill Shea, for example. More vividly than his work to create the New York Mets, the owners recall his struggle to found the Continental

League, a project they effectively throttled. Shea is out.

So, probably, is Bob Cannon, the Milwaukee Municipal Court judge who has demonstrated his capacity for getting things done as counsel to the Baseball Players Association. Cannon's credentials are impressive, and one thing he has going for him is the support of Boston Red Sox Owner Tom Yawkey. Unlike many of his lodge brothers, however, Yawkey does not regard baseball players as his natural economic enemies. Cannon's identification with the cause of the players and his gentle firmness have probably done him in.

In feeling out the remainder of their nonbaseball *Who's Who*, Fetzer and Galbreath—as ruggedly individualist as any of the owners—may encounter the same rugged individualism that gave their men of stature stature. If this is the case, it will be as Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick said of Herbert Hoover's nomination in 1928: the man will not do.

Baseball could pick the most valuable man, or the most malleable. The candidates haven't been completely evaluated, but the qualifications have and, if baseball remains in character, malleability will win out. This probably means that when the McNamaras, Dirksens, Whites and Kennedys have all been discarded, Joe Cronin will remain, a baseball man after all. But you might put a hedge bet on Richard Nixon. He's always a candidate.

END



If the owners finally decide on a political figure, Dick Nixon may get his turn at bat.

# Who'll be the Don Schollander of the '72 Olympics?

Yes, '72. Because Don could repeat in '68. Last year, at the age of 18, Don took on the world's best swimmers in Tokyo—and beat them going away. He shattered the 100 and 400-meter free-style records, anchored 2 winning relays and captured 4 gold medals for the U.S.A.—more than any other swimmer in the history of the Olympics.

Not every youngster can be a Don Schollander. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person

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# **THE POSITIVE POWER OF BOATING**

In the years since World War II a powerful lot of people have become obsessed with powerboating, and today the sound of their motors is heard on every ocean and lake and puddle. According to tabulations issued by the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, more than 3,700,800 Americans owned some sort of a motorboat on Jan. 1, 1965. Whether these enthusiasts are millionaires hunting black marlin from the towers of \$150,000 sport-fishermen (page 22); ocean-racing madmen like Jim Wynne, whose masochistic delights result in better boating for everyone (page 30); or ordinary citizens such as Jack Olsen, looking for nothing more than fun with the kids away from the landborne hustle (page 50), powerboating, played by the rules (page 28), gives them a world of satisfying, fascinating adventure.

# THE RICH RUSH OF A RYBO

For the man who likes luxury and fresh fish at a few thousand dollars a pound, there is nothing that floats comparable to the sport-fishermen made in Florida by John Rybovich and sons **by HUGH WHALL**

With the sun bouncing off its velour lawns and impossible mansions, Palm Beach reclines along Florida's east coast like a dowager on a chaise longue, nose lifted in delicate disdain at run-of-the-mill ostentation. This promontory considers anything less than a Rolls-Royce a bourgeois conveyance and finds nothing remarkable about the local A&P offering caviar instead of peanut butter as its Saturday shoppers' special.

This casual acceptance of wealth extends even to Palm Beach yachts, which seldom qualify as genuine status symbols unless their length is measured in city blocks or they happen to be one of those remarkable sport-fishing boats built just across the inland waterway in—ugh—West Palm Beach by an immigrant Yugoslav cabinetmaker named John Rybovich and his three sons. It is not just that Rybovich boats are the ultimate in functional luxury, which they are, or that they cost a lot of money, which they do. Their greatest distinction is that even a billionaire has to stand in line to get one. John Rybovich has never built more than five boats a year, and at 84 years of age he isn't about to cheapen the product now.

In many ways Rybovich is the last word in snob appeal. A Ferrari has that prancing black stallion to identify it, a Rolls-Royce the famous windblown figure. A Rybovich doesn't even have a nameplate. "A true boatman," says Emil Rybovich, the youngest son, "doesn't need to look at a tag to tell what kind of a boat it is."

One tag that all Ryboviches come equipped with is a price tag, and while the list of those with enough of the ready to buy a Rybo is short (there are only 62 Rybos afloat), their names ring with solvency. There is Jim Kimberly of Kimberly-Clark paper mills (Kleenex and other things), who fishes the *Blue Fox*. There is Peter A. B. Widener III, who has

had three Rybos and heaven knows how many racehorses. Roger S. Firestone, who makes tires, owned two Rybos: a 44-footer that he sold to Gregory McIntosh Jr. and a 42-footer that he gave to the University of Miami. C. Dabney Thomson, a Cincinnati Cadillac dealer, owns the biggest Rybo of all, a 58-footer. Edgar Kaiser of Kaiser Industries has two, a 37 and a 40. The 50-footer *Volar* (see cover) is owned by two women, Lois Henry and Sharron Risinger, who live happily on money that bubbled up out of Texas oilfields. A Rybovich named *Clara Joe* was once the proud possession of Tough Tony Accardo of River Forest, Ill. "One of the blessings of our business," says Emil Rybovich, "is, doggone, the nice bunch of gentlemen who own our boats."

The reasons these nice, rich gentlemen and gentlewomen willingly shell out so much money for a motorboat that costs four times as much as any other are roughly those that prompt an art collector to pay \$150,000 for a Renoir when he could get a good print at the local art store. A Rybo is a work of art, and art comes high. Kimberly's *Blue Fox* cost him, conservatively, \$150,000, and Dabney Thomson had to sell at least 100 Caddies at retail to pay for his *Rybo*. Of course, if you want to be chintzy you can buy a Rybo "dayboat" for around \$60,000. A dayboat is something under 40 feet. Add to these initial costs yearly maintenance for captain, mate, fuel, dockage, cocktails and other incidentals of about \$30,000 and you have a pretty fair idea of the expense involved.

Rybovich owners have little cause to worry about depreciation on their investment. Rybovich sees to that. "Our market is like the diamond market," says the eldest son, John Jr. "If you don't flood the market, the market stays high." And the Ryboviches, accordingly, keep the tide wave out. As a result, a

Rybovich worth \$100,000 new will bring \$87,500 five or six years later. So great is the demand, in fact, that one owner, a year after taking delivery of a new 50-footer, was offered \$5,000 more than he had paid for it.

Actually, most Rybovich owners couldn't care less about depreciation or appreciation. They do, however, at least pretend to care about initial outlay and, like most bargain hunters, will listen when John Rybovich Jr. tells them where savings can be made. One saving he often recommends is that of building the customer a bigger boat than he originally had in mind. Although this sounds like rookery, it is, as John explains disarmingly, "just common sense."

"Why shouldn't a man be just as comfortable in his boat as he is in his home?" says Emil. "You name what he's got in his house, we've got it in our boat." They have, too—from air conditioning and ice-making machines to radar sets fit for the *Queen Elizabeth*. But there are some parts of every Rybovich that no house—or even the *Queen Elizabeth*—can match: the parts devoted to the catching of fish. Whatever else a Rybo may be—and it's a lot else—it is principally the world's finest machine for boating a game fish. "Our boats win a lot of tournaments," says John Rybovich modestly, "but a tournament is a poor measure of a boat. It's not the boat but the angler and boat crew who win." Maybe, but the biggest prize in last month's International People to People Fishing Championships was taken aboard the 44-foot Rybo *Nitro*. Jane Thomson won the Chub Cay tournaments last year aboard her husband's *Rybo*. David Lake's 44-foot Rybo *Old* was the top boat in last year's Master's Tournament at West Palm Beach, and so it goes. "We just build a boat to do a job," says John, "and the ones we build get the job done."

"We've never built two boats alike," says Emil. "An owner will come in and say, 'Gee, I like this boat, I like everything about it. But this is the way I want my boat,' and he names a lot of special things." And what the owner wants he gets—and bang the cost. "Our boats," adds Emil, "are strictly a personal thing. We're very prejudiced about them."

The men who actually build Rybos seem to feel much the same way. They go about everything from screwing on a chrome bottle opener to bolting in the engines as though each boat were their own. A passable boat could be built by any ordinary boatyard with the same load of exotic lumber, nuts, bolts, screws, paint, engines, radars, stoves, haws, outriggers and fighting chairs used by Rybovich, but the Ryboviches build a boat matched only by another Rybovich. The three Rybovich sons and their father all believe that a bored workman is a bad workman. So they rotate their artisans from one job to another to keep their interest fresh. "Among the four of us," says Emil in a classic of modest understatement, "we get out a pretty good boat."

The Ryboviches all agree that boats built for racing are fine for racing—but not for fishing. "As soon as you install a tuna tower or fishing equipment on those boats," says John, "they bog down and become wet pigs. Some builders are forced into racing to sell boats. We don't have to sell boats so we stay away from it." Nevertheless, Rybovich hulls are not noted for their tardiness, as anyone who has roared across the Gulf Stream in one at 30 knots will attest.

Obviously, other boatbuilders have done their best to imitate the Rybo style and quality. Some have copied the offset cabin that is original with the Rybos, others, the transom door for hauling fish aboard. A few copies, built in Cuba during the Batista regime, are so exact that only the Ryboviches can spot them. They are, naturally, known as Cubaviches. But the street runs two ways, and the Ryboviches frankly profit from others' experiences and mistakes. Since they also do a solid business maintaining and repairing boats built by rivals, they see, close up, what works and what does not work. "If we see something we like about one builder's boat, we incorporate it in our boats. By the same token, if we see another builder's mistake, we're careful

to see we never make the same mistake," says Emil. "There are still a few mysteries about the boat-building business," he adds, "but on the whole we make fewer mistakes than most."

One mistake they made was costly indeed, but it led to an unusually strong yet lightweight form of construction that is unique with Rybo. It began when the Ryboviches decided that conventional

carvel construction—planks laid edge to edge and caulked with cotton wadding to keep the water out—was dispensable. Why not, they asked, glue the planks together edge to edge? Why not, indeed? Well, for one thing, because wood is porous. It swells when it is wet and shrinks when it gets dry. Were it not for the breathing space allowed by caulking, the planks would crack and split every time

*continued*



A CATHEDRAL ROOF IN A RYBO SHED OBVIATES THE NEED TO REMOVE TUNA TOWERS

the boat went into or out of the water. The Ryboviches theorized that if they let the Florida sun soak every drop of moisture from the planks, then glued them edge to edge and sealed them tight in fiber glass, they would have a stronger, lighter hull that would stay glued regardless of the water. They decided to build two boats using this method and every day for weeks wheeled the mahogany planks out into the sun in the morning and huck again into a dry shed at night. Finally, the planks seemed dry enough, and the two hulls were built.

One night, after the hulls were finished, a cold northwester settled into Palm Beach, lowering the humidity to 36°. "We were working on the cabins of the two boats the next day," recalls John wryly, "when suddenly we started hearing these little pops like a .22 rifle going off." The northwester had dried some leftover moisture out of the planks, the planks had shrunk and the glued joints had pulled apart. Rybovich had a shed full of problems and two shattered hulls on its hands.

After consulting every lumber and engineering expert they could find for six months without avail, the Ryboviches got themselves a 1-ton air conditioner and dehumidifier and put it in an airtight room. This accomplished what the Florida sun could not: it drained the planks of every trace of moisture, and Rybovich hasn't heard a single crack, from plank or boat owner, since.

Today John Rybovich Sr., or "Pop," as the boys call him, is semiretired and probably as well off as many of his customers across the waterway in Palm Beach. But Pop has never been much for fashion or status. He wanders around his yard dressed in plaid shirts and denims, looking practically the same as he did when he arrived in the U. S. 50-odd years ago. A journeyman carpenter by trade, John set up shop as a cabinet-maker in the early 1920s, right in the middle of Palm Beach. But it turned out that the local millionaires, no doubt suffering from prohibition hangovers, had a zoning law that discouraged hammering and sawing, so poor John had to scratch a living by catching fish. Gradually he began to pick up an extra buck here and there repairing the boats of other fishermen, until at last he decided to make boat repair his full-time work.

To keep out of trouble he moved across the water to West Palm Beach,

where they didn't mind the noise, and with his three boys to help he went to work. The business boomed. But it wasn't until after World War II that the Ryboviches actually began building boats from scratch. Their first sport-fisherman was a 34-footer built for C. F. Johnson, a Chevy dealer from Palm Beach. When Johnson gave the order he told John Rybovich, "I want a sport-fisherman so long. The rest is up to you." *Miss Chevy II*, as the boat was named,



**NO MAN FOR SHOW** old John Rybovich just wanted to build a better boat for fishing.

proved an instant success, and orders for other Ryboviches followed fast in her wake. "We built C.F. a damn good boat," says Emil in explanation.

Besides building their customers' damn good boats the Ryboviches provide a follow-up service unequalled in the trade. Whenever a Rybo burns up an engine, runs aground or bends a propeller shaft, the owner has only to shout and Emil Rybovich will fly to the scene in his Beechcraft to put things right. This roadside service fits in neatly with Emil's love of flying. "Flying around for the hell of it is for the birds," he says. "Flying with a purpose is fun. We tell our customers, 'If you need anything, call us.'" Most trips take Emil and his plane to the Bahamas, but a recent one took him to North Carolina to rescue *Vladar*. Running up the Alligator River, *Vladar*'s professional captain accidentally tangled with a submerged tree stump. Out jerked the propeller shaft, crumple went the rudder. "The captain called us on Friday," says Emil. "I told him, 'O.K., George. Meet me at Washington [North Carolina] on Sunday morning at 10 a.m.'" By Sunday night

*Vladar* was on her way once more, complete with new shaft, propeller and un-bent rudder. "A man's time is valuable," says Emil. "Every hour his boat's broken down is a dead loss. That's why we're in such a hurry." One Rybo owner can't resist tinkering with his boat's engines, usually with catastrophic results. Emil mounted a plaque over his engine compartment that reads, "When all else fails, call this number." The number is, of course, that of the Rybovich yard.

If the Rybovich boats and Rybovich service approach immaculate perfection, the yard where they originate is no less impressive. Everything at Rybo is as clean as a hospital corridor, from the white shirts and blue pants of the workmen to the finger piers where the boats are tied up. On a vacant lot nearby are stacks of tuna towers looking for all the world like the sterilized bones of some beached marine monster. Pop Rybovich's own neat little house is at the yard's front gate, while John Jr. lives across the road in an equally unpretentious house, and Emil and Tommy live within a mile of the yard. (There are two daughters as well. The husband of one works at the yard, the husband of the other owns a marina not far away.) The sons share a compact, light, wood-paneled office almost in the middle of the yard's main slipway. Drifting through its windows are the sound of lapping water and the smell of fresh bottom paint.

While John takes care of the business and sales end of the yard, Emil worries over the engines and Tommy does the designing. Innocent of formal training in yacht design, Tommy Rybovich, a World War II pilot with an Air Medal, operates with an artist's flair, yet his designs turn out as functional as they are beautiful. The long, sweeping sheers and the delicately flared bows are perfect spray deflectors. The cockpits, unobstructed by cleats, are as comfortable as they are unbeatable as fishing platforms. The galleys, the showers, the finely proportioned flying bridges and the bottoms that give minimum resistance to the passage of water and maximum support to the weight above are all compounded of grace plus efficiency. "Tommy's really a creator more than a designer," says Emil. "Of course, he likes practical items, but what he really likes is to make boats beautiful."

**FOR MORE POWERBOATING, SEE PAGE 28**



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# RULES OF THE ROAD

Motorists are lucky; the rules that govern them are, for the most part, clearly stated in signs along the roadside: NO RIGHT TURNS, LEFT TURN FROM CENTER LANE ONLY, STOP. Although signs are few and no white lines exist on the constantly shifting surfaces of the routes boat drivers follow, the traffic laws (Rules of the Road in proper parlance) that govern them are no less explicit—only less well-known. As of now, they include a host of regional regulations, three sets of U.S. Coast Guard Pilot Rules, a federal "Motorboat Act," a Federal Boatster Act and four separate sets of traffic rules.

Whenever an American yachtsman cruises outside of certain limits that face the U.S. coast like a string stretched taut from one landmark to another, he is subject to the globally accepted international *Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea*. On the inside of the imaginary string he may be subject to any one of three sets of U.S. boating regulations: 1) those applying to all inland waters except the Great Lakes, the Mississippi above the Huey Long Bridge, and a few other rivers; 2) those applying to the Great Lakes; and 3) those applying in the so-called Western Rivers (which, in fact, are northeastern rivers). Since boats and boaters move from place to place across the land as often and as easily today as they once sailed the sea, the confusion implicit in four sets of rules so arbitrarily divided is obvious.

Next month the U.S. will follow most of the rest of the world in adopting a new, updated set of International Rules that reflect—some might belatedly—the passage of ocean shipping from the age of sail into the age of steam and diesel power. Most responsible authorities feel this is the time to

bring all U.S. boating regulations into some sort of unity. Meanwhile, since legislation is subject to delay, any small-boat owner would do well to familiarize himself with those parts of the rules that most affect him as they now stand. These are likely to fall into three classifications, the proper placement of lights so that other boats can get some notion of your heading in the dark, the correct action to take when collision threatens by day or night and the correct way to communicate intent to take that action by blast of your horn or whistle.

Full competence in boating rules can be achieved only through earnest study, but there are a few basic traffic rules that everyone should be aware of. They are illustrated in the diagram at the left. While admittedly an oversimplification that applies only in an open-water situation free of special regulations, this diagram makes clear at a glance the rights and obligations of the powerboat in the center relative to the boats around him within a distance of half a mile.

There are many special provisions about running lights in the various sets of boating rules, but all of them provide that a powerboat under 65 feet carry a green light on its starboard side, a red light on its port side and a white light astern. Each of these lights must be arranged to shed its glow over a specific sector of the horizon, described in compass points. The red and green lights cover 10 compass points apiece. The white stern light, either alone or in combination with another light (as in sailing auxiliaries under power) covers the whole circle of 32 points. Thus one boat approaching another under power in the dark will see either a red and white light, a green and white light, a white light

alone or, from a point dead ahead, a red and a green light. From the combination the boatman will know which way the other boat is heading, and he can then set his course accordingly.

That course is based on the ancient principle that a vessel better able to maneuver (the "burdened" vessel) should keep clear of a vessel less able to maneuver (the "privileged" vessel), and the operative phrase is "keep clear." This, in most cases, a boat under power is required to keep clear of a boat under sail. A sailboat with a clear wind must keep clear of a sailboat whose wind may be blanketed (e.g., a boat to leeward). Where neither vessel has a clear advantage, sailors for centuries have given the privilege of "holding on" (keeping on course) to the vessel approaching from the right, or starboard, side. And, just as on land, when two vessels meet going in opposite directions, they must keep to the right and pass portside to portside—unless there has been a clear agreement between them (arranged by signaling) to keep to the left.

A boatman's sound-signaling devices should never be used, as auto horns often are, for mere blatant comment. A boat's whistle is a signaling device designed to convey a meaningful message. It is in the nature and use of these messages that the various sets of boating rules are most divergent.

In a general way, all the rules agree that one blast means a course directed to starboard, two blasts a course directed to port and a series of short, sharp blasts, disagreement or danger. But there the agreement ends. Under International Rules a pilot must not make any signal, except the danger signal, unless he accompanies it by a change of course. Under Inland Rules signaling expresses intent rather than action. Thus, when two boats meet in inland waters, one will sound a single blast, meaning, "I intend to keep to the right so we can pass port to port," whether or not a change of course may prove necessary. Once signaled, the other boat must either give assent with the same signal or blow a series of four or more short blasts, meaning, "I don't understand," or, "I think it would be dangerous." The one thing the second boat must never do is answer a one-blast proposal ("I intend to go to starboard") with a two-blast denial ("I intend to go to port") and thus create an unresolved signaling argument.

So what do you do in case of disagreement? You stop and try to work it out. This is all part of the common sense that underlies all boating regulations. It is best expressed in the most important rule of all, paragraph (a) of Section 13 of the *Federal Boatster Act of 1958*. This rule reads, "No person shall operate any motorboat or any vessel in a reckless or negligent manner so as to endanger the life, limb or property of any person."

FOR MORE POWERBOATING, TURN PAGE

**GREEN AREA** in diagram at left is the sector in which the 10-point green starboard running light and the 32-point white light of the powerboat in the center are visible. A boat approaching within this sector is privileged and should hold its course and speed while the powerboat keeps clear.

**RED AREA** is the sector in which the powerboat's 10-point red port running light and 32-point white light are visible. A powerboat approaching in this sector is burdened and must keep clear. A sailboat is privileged and should hold its course.

**BLUE AREA** is the sector in which only the stern light is visible. Any boat, whether under power or sail, approaching from this sector is burdened and must keep clear when passing.

**RUNNING LIGHTS** may be either the combination type with red and green lenses in one fixture (as shown from top, front and side at sketch at left) or separate type (as shown at bottom), depending on the size of the boat.

**MEETING:** Like automobiles, two boats meeting head on, or within an angle of half a point on either side of the other boat's bow (as shown at right), must keep to the right and pass each other portside to portside, except where a clearly signaled agreement between them permits a starboard-to-starboard passing.

**SIGNALS:** Under Inland, Great Lakes and Western Rivers rules, whistle signals signify intent. One blast: "I intend to go to starboard." Two blasts: "I intend to go to port." Under International Rules signals signify action. One blast: "I am changing course to starboard." Two blasts: "I am changing course to port." International Rules forbid signaling without a corresponding change of course, or a change of course without signaling.

**PASSING:** Under Inland Rules a boat overtaking another (as at bottom) must signal her intent to go to starboard with one blast to port with two. Overtaken boat must signal agreement with the same number of blasts.



# HE DRIVES A HAIRY RACE

by BOB OTTUM

Seven years ago Jim Wynne grew the full beard shown at left. It changed his personality, and he in turn changed the personality of powerboating

Offshore powerboat racing, that obsession with driving small boats at high speeds over very large waves, is known to initiates as the Great Kidney Shakedown. The wonderful lunatics who play at it happily shell out \$40,000 for a boat without any seats and another \$240 to fill it with gas. Then they spend four hours slamming their stomachs, teeth and knee bones loose just to go, say, from Miami to Nassau for a planter's punch. "It is," one of them reports, with a meaningful shake of his head, "pretty expensive torture, but what the hell. We are all—on our wild way—improving the breed."

He was stating a simple fact. Every ocean powerboat race is a seagoing test of hull and engine designs. The surviving boats—retooled with such plush, non-racing additions as toilets, bunk beds and seats—will soon turn up in marinas all around the country. The hull that withstands an ocean race will withstand anything Dad, Mom or Junior can do to it.

The wildest ocean racer of them all, and the chief improver of the boating breed, is a hairy Florida mariner named Jim Wynne. As an engineer, Wynne is the Big Daddy of the inboard-outboard drive, the newest and widest-ranging development in powerboating. As a designer, he is responsible for many refinements of the V-shaped hulls that are in vogue wherever people go boating. As a driver, he has earned a roomful of trophies. During the last fortnight the Wynne touch was showing up all over the world. In Italy, Jim and his crew, Tommy Mottola and Jim Breuil Jr., drove the new 32-foot aluminum *Martino* at a record-breaking average of 49.9 mph to win the annual race from Viareggio to Bastia. And almost anywhere there

—continued



LYNN PELTZER

was a stretch of open water you could find a boatload of gorgeous people careening over the water on a hull or in front of a motor the design of which had been either directly or indirectly influenced by the 35-year-old Wynne.

Between races, clad in gray flannels and blue blazer with the Royal Danish Yacht Club emblem on the pocket, Jim Wynne navigates through Miami society, churning up a wake of awakened blondes. Nor does he overlook the brunettes. At Miami's Racquet Club he shows up frequently with a stunning Trinidadian girl, who looks at him with large dark eyes and struggles soulfully through the idiom "Jeemy," she will squeal delightedly when he teases her, "you are pulling on my legs."

The Wynne of today first appeared seven years ago when he did two things that marked a distinct metamorphosis: he drove an outboard motorboat 3,600 miles across the Atlantic Ocean—"It was crazier than you think," he says, "because I was not at all the sort of a guy who would drive an outboard motorboat across the Atlantic"—and he grew his beard. Before his big adventure, Wynne was the serious one with the standard, college-yearbook face and the large, horn-rimmed glasses—the kind of professional type who could, and did, write a master's thesis at MIT entitled *Performance of a Cronkite Salvaged Two-stroke Engine*. This did not set any records as an academic bestseller, but it got him a job with Mercury Motors. Mercury is run by Carl Kiekhaefer, the not-so-jolly giant of the outboard world. Kiekhaefer's corporate motto runs something like, "Well, you wanted a steady job when you came here, didn't you?" and he works himself and his executives punishing hours all day and then punctuates their nights with telephone calls to make sure they are dreaming about boating.

"Advances in outboard motoring under Kiekhaefer were phenomenal despite his explosive personality," says Wynne. "I pioneered such innovations as automatic shifts and starters, underwater exhausts and silencing devices. We merely doubled in such psychiatric sidelines as frustration and exhaustion."

In those days, when he could still stand his independence being invaded Wynne set up and staged a 50,000-mile endurance test for Mercury outboards, running two boats for 68 days without

maintenance—well, without maintenance while anyone was watching. "If the test had failed," he says, "Kiekhaefer would have killed us all." He also helped search out and set up "Lake X," Mercury's mystery testing area somewhere in Florida. The site is still a tightly guarded secret, and even Wynne will not reveal it. But at Thunderbird Products Corp., where Mercury gets some of its boats, everybody looks knowing when the secretary says, "St. Cloud is on the line" (St. Cloud is a small Florida town somewhere south of Orlando.)

The psyche of the man who would one day replace his spectacles with contact lenses and grow a beard could not long endure another ego so overheating as Kiekhaefer's and, in December 1957, Wynne left Mercury and went independent. (Like other ex-Mercurians, he still carries an A.O.K. card in his wallet. It stands for Alumni of Kiekhaefer "An organization," the card says, "of former employees of the Kiekhaefer Corp. banded together to exchange anecdotes of their experiences with the concern and to congratulate each other on the successes enjoyed since severing connections with said concern.") The first thing Wynne did was starve. "I had saved a little money," he says, "and I started free-lancing as a marine consultant. In Miami that can mean anybody who is out of a job. But that's when I began working on my stern drive."

A stern drive is not a drive with a bad temper; it is a combination inboard-and-outboard motor that exploits the advantages of both. To get the power required to push a boat along at a respectable speed—that is, fast enough to shake your teeth and make your eyes water—standard outboards are not big enough. They can be made big enough, but such engines mounted on small boats can cause them to teeter backward; under just the right conditions they will slip quickly out of sight into the sea, leaving the driver treading water. A stern drive has the engine mounted inside the boat, but the propeller linkage looks and behaves like an outboard.

Inventors had been toying with this principle for years. Wynne made it work. "I built a boat in my garage," he says. "I am always building things in my garage. Our house is the one with the cars parked out on the grass. Then I

needed a light, compact engine. Something with, say, about 80 hp. I looked around and Volvo had one. When I mounted it in the boat the factory became interested in what I was doing. I was eating mangoes and not making any money and putting their engine into my boat, that's what I was doing. But, anyway, I got some patents cleared on the thing, and in July of 1958 I flew over to Gothenburg, Sweden and showed it to the Volvo people. They saw it as just what they were looking for. They seemed to have a vision about it. In two days I had a contract."

Some contract. Volvo had originally planned to produce something like 500 stern-drive units. So far they have sold more than 25,000—and for every one that comes off the line Wynne collects a royalty. But before he collected a cent he got so punchy with success he agreed to go home from Scandinavia the hard way—by driving an outboard motorboat across the Atlantic.

"A guy named Ole Botved caught me in a weak moment," says Wynne. "I had met him back in 1955 when we were both racing in the Miami-to-Nassau race, and we had both run into trouble and spent the night on a lonely cay. Ole was a hustler and he was building Coronet boats. You ever hear of Coronet boats? That's the idea: Ole needed something to draw them to public attention and get sales going. 'I got one great idea,' Ole told me. 'Let's prove how great the boat is by driving it across the Atlantic. Great, huh? What do you say?'"

"A marvelous idea," I told him. "Splendid. Except that you're nuts." We had discussed it earlier and it was just cocktail party talk. You know how cocktail party talk goes. "Shay, baby, lesh drive across the goddam ocean." Like that. Then I saw this guy operate.

"Ole got all the sponsors in one day. He called the Johnson outboard people and told them, 'Well, So-and-so is going to sponsor it, and they think the idea is just wonderful.' And then he immediately called someone else and said, 'Well, Johnson is going to sponsor it and they think it's all right.' That way none of the sponsors had the chance to double-check with each other, and before I knew it the trip was set up. The whole thing was crazy."

Ole picked the middle two weeks in July because the Atlantic is always calmest then. The plan was simple enough:

We were to follow this freighter, the *Clay Thornden*, which was going across anyway... although her captain was considerably less than wild about the idea. He gave us instructions not to bug him, or words to that effect, and warned us that he couldn't stop if we got into trouble. And away we went.

"Naturally, less than one day out of Göteborg we were hit by the worst damned storm in 30 years. 'Unusail, having a storm this serious,' Ole yelled through his teeth at me, and there we were—out in the ocean in a 22-foot outboard. I first we tried moving in the wake of the freighter. But the seas were too bad. The wind was screaming, and the waves were up to 25 feet and higher. We had a radio on board, and we called to the *Clay* and asked them to slow down. They radioed back something comforting like 'See you around, mates,' and pulled away from us in the dark.

"I thought for sure we had had it. PHORMING, YOUNG INVENTOR! BROWN IS OCEAN WITH OUTBOARD MOTORBOAT! I saw the headlines. But finally the freighter slowed down and we came tossing up to her. There we were, alongside this big freighter in a 35-knot wind, with the seas towering up bluckly on all sides of us.

"They dropped a cargo hook to us and... whup! The first thing it did was crash right through our deck. Just great! On the next rolling bounce we got our boat hooked up, and on the freighter the bosun threw the cargo winch into gear. Then the ship rolled one way and we rolled the other.

"Swoosh. The thing snatched us up like a big scoop and we went hurtling up into the rigging. We hung there, swinging back and forth. Then—splash! We were back down in the ocean like a yo-yo. One minute we would be 30 feet above the deck of the freighter, and the next second we were down somewhere under the water looking back up at the deck. The captain was pretty annoyed by all this nonsense. I wasn't too keen about it myself.

"It was a little like the time I won that nine-hour marathon—without the help of a relief driver. There I was with all these spectators, and I pulled my boat in and climbed out on the dock and they were ready to give me the trophy, and I had to say, 'Excuse me, gentlemen. First I have to go to the bathroom.' And I left, then and there.

"Anyway, we finally got our boat secured aboard the ship, and we stayed on board for 30 hours until the storm blew itself out. Then back into the old ocean again, Oh, boy.

"I finally found the trick of it, though. We put our boat right on the first wave in the wake of the freighter. A nice, fat swell of water about, oh, say, 40 or 50 feet astern, and we surfed our way to Boston. We had to watch out, though. On each side of the nice, fat wave we were riding was an eight-foot drop into boiling waters. If we went into it we would broach and sink for sure. Nice feeling. During the daytime we got to be very good at this, however. Surfing and grinning at each other and changing sparkplugs and boating our hearts out. But at night, man, we were steering by the seat of our wet pants.

"Then, off Nova Scotia, another storm hit. It was the sister of the first one, and the captain hove to, and alongside we came. Back on the winches and—pow! He plucked us out of the water again and up into the rigging. I got to feeling like Bert Lancaster in those damned movies. This time we stayed aboard 26 hours and then put back into the water.

"We finally pulled into the 79th Street harbor in New York City, and here I was with this 12-day beard and I was feeling pretty salty. The people came around and took a lot of pictures of us, and I saw myself and I thought, 'Well, the beard stays. From now on, it's Jim Wynne, the hairy mariner.'

"I still get calls," says Wynne, "from adventurous young kids who have heard about that trip and want to cross the ocean in a pair of shower slippers with an outboard motor on each heel and want my advice. What should I do, Mr. Wynne? My advice is always simple: You shouldn't go, that's what you should do."

Wynne recalls the next few years as busy ones. "I stopped starving, for one thing," he says, "which will do a lot for a man's career." He also began expanding in all directions: racing from Miami to Nassau in boats powered by bubbling Volvos, racing in the Orange Bowl marathon, designing boat bottoms in collaboration with Walt Walters, who still works with him today. "In 1959," Wynne says, "it took us 17 hours to race from Miami to Nassau. By 1961, with a deep-V hull of the kind inspired by the great Ray Hunt, we had cut it to 10 hours."

While designing big boats to go faster, Wynne also was churning a wide wake in his 17-foot runabout, the *Wynne-Moll*, which is the Lotus chassis of the boating world, regardless of what kind of engine one puts into it. The 1962 model won its class in the Miami-Nassau race and the Miami-Bimini run. In 1963 Wynne and Walters teamed up with Builder-Racer Don Aronow and turned out a 23 3-footer for Aronow's new Formula Marine Co. They called it—naturally enough—the Formula 233. The 17-foot *Wynne-Moll* then became the Formula Junior. Aronow sold the mold to Thunderbird, and now the Juniors appear all around the country, each one with the Wynne-Walters bottom. Thunderbird outfits the topsides with fancy, snap-on padded plastic seats and dashboards flashier than the consoles of new kitchen stoves. The seats curve around the cockpit like cocktail-lounge chairs. "It is," says Wynne, "the kind of a little old boat a man could take a honeymoon in."

Having sold his boat molds to one company, Aronow promptly formed another, this one called Donco—and Wynne and Walters designed an entire new line of bottoms. The end result is that almost



**DONZI BUILDERS** Wynne and Don Aronow study a revolutionary type of rudder.

all the good boats racing the offshore circuit now show Wynne-Walters touches. Last year Wynne-Walters hulls won the world racing championship, firmly establishing that name as a threat, and Formulas won every class they entered.

"One race," says Wynne, "will result in an advance of 10 years in pleasure-boating design. It is a stepped-up rate of evolution. If a customer wants to spend \$3,700 [for a Thunderbird Formula Junior, the all-padded wingding] to \$16,000 [for a 29-foot stern-drive beauty that will sleep four people and sing and dance a little], he wants to know he is getting a boat that will stand up. He wants a boat that has been tested under the most severe conditions.

"Nowadays you can't buy a bad car right? I mean, American carmakers are all producing trustworthy automobiles. But you can buy a bad boat. The country is full of bad boats. People copy and steal designs and think they're improving on them. They're not."

Last January, Ohio's Alliance Machine Co. sought out the bearded manner at the New York Boat Show and asked him to design an out-and-out ocean racer. "You know," said Wynne, "Nothing fancy. Just something big and gutsy and all aluminum and designed for rough

water. It did not have to be a world-beater or anything like that. Just so it beat everybody in the world, that's all.

"Walters and I started in February with the design. The factory started building it in March. Man, what a boat! Thirty-two feet long, a straight inboard with a pair of 400-hp Daytona engines just crouching down in there, sort of slaving like wild animals. We ran it to Nassau and—wouldn't you know it?—the weather was easy and calm. We finished second."

But on Memorial Day, while Scotsman Jimmy Clark was coolly outrunning his competition on a calm day at Indianapolis, the weather came up properly rough off Florida. Wynne took off with 38 other boats in the Gateway Marathon—a 180-mile run from West Palm Beach to Lucaya-Freepoint in the Bahamas and back. "The seas were marvelously rough," says Wynne. "Great. Just what we were designed for. About 10 miles out on our way back, we came skipping past Aronow in his Donzi. And were his hands raw? We made that run in one hour 56 minutes and 25 seconds. We were averaging 51.6 miles an hour through those seas. That's about the equivalent of . . . mm, about 199 miles an hour on land."

The new boat—Wynne calls it the Tin Goose and affectionately slaps it on the flank, *ping, pong, pong*—probably will not revolutionize boating, but Wynne has other plans that may. He recently teamed up with another Kickhafer escapee, Charles Strang, and John D. Gill, onetime professor of engineering at the University of Miami, in a partnership called Hydro-Mechanical Development, Inc. "Actually," says Wynne, "it is a sort of James Bondish operation. We have a new place on a river, with the boat-building facilities upstairs and the office downstairs. That way, when a friend comes in to visit, our secret projects will be out of sight and he won't be forced into that embarrassing position of saying, 'Uh, what the hell is that thing you fellows are working on over there?' We will launch our boats by an overhead winch into the river—who knows, maybe under cover of the night?—and test them that way."

The new Hydro-Mechanical Upstairs at the Downstairs is working on a hydrofoil project—a big one—and is whapping together a proposal at the request of a foreign government to apply the 32-foot aluminum-boat principle into a sort of poor man's PT boat. "You know, maybe a high-speed patrol craft with a



JUST BEING AFLOAT IS WHAT MATTERS WHEN WYNNE TAKES OUT HIS FORMULA JUNIOR TO COOL OFF TWO BLONDE COMPANIONS

few gun mounts here and there, the kind of thing that can cut circles around the presidential yacht and gun everybody down who comes near," says Wynne. "Maybe we'll put gas turbines into the thing, and it will go tearing around at a frightful clip. It is small for a PT boat, but then it is a small foreign country. You see?"

And over at his mother's garage—while the two family Volvo automobiles sit outside in the sun—the prow of another boat sticks out into the driveway while its body vanishes back into the darkness. Wynne has been ordering parts from all around town—so nobody can tell exactly what he is up to there—but every day an assistant comes and shuffles back into the darkness to work on the stern of the boat. "It is an improved marine propulsion system," says Wynne mysteriously. Meantime, his eyes seem fixed on the next race.

"The funny thing is," he says, "I should be getting out of ocean racing. It takes up so much time and we have so many projects going we can't afford it. But we're caught up in this thing like everyone else who does it. Boating is a tremendous thrill, a sensation of power.

Man! First, the noise is overwhelming, with those engines in full scream and the wind and sea howling all around you. You hit the throttle and the boat . . . leaps out of the water and it just floats there—sometimes for what seems like a couple of hundred feet through the air.

"Sometimes the propellers come out of the water and they scream, oooooROW, oooooROW! And then the boat comes down, slam! You never know how it will hit, because the ocean pitches and changes under you. Sometimes you never feel it; the thing just eases its way back into the water. Sometimes it pitches you right out of the cockpit. Or knocks out all your front teeth.

"If you're driving the boat correctly, it is like riding a greyhound from wave to wave. The boat seems to gather itself under you for the next leap. Do it incorrectly, and it is like riding a dolphin. That's bad.

"Somewhere over there—over the horizon about 180 nautical miles—lie the Bahamas. You can make it in something like three hours and 19 minutes of torture. Will you win the race? Are you on the right course? Ye gods, what if you're off course and you find yourself at the Great Isaac Light, which is the last stop before England? Does it matter if you

win? Sure it does, but not all that much. Because you're out there racing on the ocean and looking through the green water and you are surrounded by good men and true. All these offshore racers are good men—plus a few hardy women. They are people with sore ribs and raw hands and guts.

"And there will be dinner and dancing and drinks in Nassau, and maybe when it's all over we'll take the boat and just sort of toil leisurely down to the out islands and fish and skin-dive a little and get our noses red in the sun. I mean, what the hell. Right?"

"This is the good life. First, you starve a little. It is good for your soul. Eat a few mangoes. You design boats and then take them out and prove them yourself. You build a reputation as a designer and you find some talented associates to throw in with. Then you get to eat regularly. If eating regularly is what does it for you."

Then Wynne relaxes, by sections, a wild man temporarily at rest. "There are things a man should and should not do in life," he says, with a sudden burst of steady white smile. "He should race boats. He should not cross the Atlantic in an outboard. And he should— he definitely should—grow a beard."

END



GETTING THERE FIRST IS THE IMPORTANT THING AS WYNNE AND CO-DESIGNER WALTERS PILOT THE SHINY ALUMINUM "MARITIME"

# YOU HIT IT IN, SO HIT IT OUT

BY ARNOLD PALMER

Golf's master of trouble shots tells when and why to hit out of water, gives a big hint for a little chip, endorses a new bunker shot, flicks the ball out of leaves and says don't be stumped by a tree trunk

## HOW TO MAKE A SPLASH

For some reason the quickest way for most golfers to get an acute case of the quits is to hit a ball into a water hazard. It never seems to occur to them that sometimes they can hit the ball back out of the water almost as effortlessly as they hit it in. Perhaps they do not understand the Rules of Golf well enough to know that they are certainly entitled to take a swipe at a ball in a water hazard if they want to. Or perhaps they do not like the idea of getting their feet, their slacks or their sleeves soaked, so they will look at a ball that is half submerged, give half a thought to hitting it—and then pick it up. Or they will see a ball that is completely submerged and give no thought at all to hitting it before lifting it and taking the penalty. Which is too bad, because they are missing a good opportunity to save a stroke that might win a match or perhaps help them break 90 or 80 for the first time in their lives. My rule is pretty simple. If you can see the ball fairly near the surface and have a chance to save a stroke if you hit it properly, then wade in and try to splash it out.

Now, naturally, I know there are cases when you can see a golf ball in water as deep as two feet or more, give or take a turtle and a water moccasin. Well, you can't hit a golf ball down there, of

course. So if you want an arbitrary depth, I can tell you that I have exploded out from as deep as two inches. I have also not exploded out from that deep or perhaps a little deeper. But that is not saying that I didn't try. Look at it this way: you are in the water in, say, two shots. So you take a penalty, and you are shooting four. If you don't get that shot close to the hole you are going to make 6. On the other hand, if you slap the ball out a few yards you may get closer, reach a better lie than the drop area, or even get to the green.

So much for the incentive. But how do you get the blasted thing out? Well, let's start with a ball that is only half submerged. The shot you want for a ball that is half in, half out will depend on what is underneath the ball. Some water hazards have concrete bases or rock bases—at any rate, something hard. You might be inclined to use a sand wedge, but don't. The sand wedge has a heavy, flat flange on the bottom, and this will tend to bounce a little off the surface of the water. On the other hand, you want to get the ball up as quickly as possible, so you need lots of loft. The answer is to use the pitching wedge. The swing is the same as the one you would use in a sand bunker—a smooth, normal explosion. Take as natural a stance as the hazard permits, swing so that you hit a fraction behind the ball and simply slice it out. *continued*

With a healthy slash through a stream, Palmer brings off one of the most rewarding shots in the game.

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A half-submerged ball sitting amid the ripples looks almost inviting. You must use a pitching wedge and get as solid a stance as circumstances permit.



DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS WOODEN

With the ball as deep as two inches beneath the surface of the water, the problem is more difficult. A different club is needed and a new attitude, too.

The follow-through must be complete, just as it is for the sand explosion.

If the surface beneath the ball is muddy, you must use more force. This shot is similar to a blast from an imbedded lie in sand, and you will want to catch more of the ball with the club head.

Now, suppose the ball is in deeper water, totally submerged. A different club is needed, as well as a different attack. You want a club with a sharp blade and minimum flange that will slice through the water. I like a nine-iron. I will be the first to admit that standing in water staring down at a golf ball and wagging a nine-iron is not the happiest situation on a golf course. But I have been in this situation plenty of times, and I have won some money by sloshing the ball out. How? First, you have to firmly believe that you are not wading out in the middle of a stream like a fly-fisherman just to amuse the rest of your foursome. You have to know that a nine-iron will cut through the water and that it can get the ball out. I promise that it will if you just take that normal stance again, keep the club face square and swing as hard, but still as smoothly, as you possibly can. The deeper the ball, the more muscle you have to apply. You must also make a special effort to stay down to the ball. The thought of all that water flying in your face will make you, at least subconsciously, want to flinch. If you flinch you are going to be left with a wonderful opportunity to hit the same shot over again.

It would be silly for me to try to convince you that you can judge distance on a ball hit from under the water, but there are certain degrees of expectancy. I would say that from two inches under the surface all you want to do is get it out. The ball will go about 10 yards at best, but that is often enough to reach dry land or even the green. However, you can hit a shot that is only half in the water about 40 yards if you catch it right. This means you should try to gauge the distance if you are close to the pin, just as you would from a bunker.

So now and then get down in the water. Nobody likes to get wet, but you won't dissolve, and I can tell you one thing: the pleasure of hitting a ball out of water, when nobody thought you could, is worth the stain on your drip-dry slacks.

## DON'T BE HALF SAFE

Admittedly, I have tried to rescue myself from some pretty funny places and wound up making some pretty funny scores. Like high ones. Still, though some of the pros on the tour like to kid me about it, it is not true that I think I can hit a two-iron through the center of a redwood tree. I am well aware that there are many times when the smartest way to play the game is to go for the safety shot, thus avoiding worse trouble.

That is the main thing to keep in mind when you are off in a forest, hopelessly out of position to get a birdie or even a par. You want to make the next best thing, whether it is a bogey or an 11. Golf is a matter of saving strokes, and sometimes this involves simply chipping out into a fairway, perhaps even away from the green.

You have to consider the risks. If you can safely manage a chip shot or a punch shot that will leave you about 100 yards from the green, why take a chance on doing much worse by trying a more difficult shot that will leave you, say, 50 yards from the pin? The gamble is worth it only if the more difficult shot seems within the realm of possibility and, even more important, if it will get you all the way to the green.

Say you have decided to play safe and chip the ball back to the fairway, and you are wondering what on earth kind of advice Arnold Palmer can offer about a shot as easy as that. Well, the shot has a hidden danger. You fail to concentrate, you hit it too hard and the ball goes rolling across the fairway and into the opposite rough. Sound familiar? If you are going to play safe, then *play safe!* Pick a spot in the fairway and build an imaginary target to shoot at. Look at the terrain, mentally noting slopes or bare spots, and see exactly where you want to be for the next shot to the green. Pretend that the point in the fairway is a green and you are chipping up to the flag. Then hit the chip. The shot may seem like a waste, but often it can be the most important one of the day.

The head must be kept especially still or the safety shot will not be safe.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER JOCE JR.



CONTINUED



## WHEN DIG YOU MUST

One of the sadder moments in golf is when you stand helplessly by while a shot you have hit sky-high plummets down toward a soft bunker. You know it probably will bury itself so deep that you will need the Corps of Engineers to dig it out. Actually the situation is not all that bad. I have been buried every way except alive—in sand (wet and dry), in mud, marsh and muck, and in all sorts of combinations of them. There are shots that will rescue you.

For example, I have a pet shot for the ball that seems hopelessly buried in a bunker. Most pros will tell you the best way to come out of a deeply buried lie

is to close the face of the sand wedge, swing down hard and follow through as well as you possibly can. That is O.K. for a lot of imbedded lies, but if I want the ball to kind of pop softly out of the sand I hit a different shot, one you might try.

Assume a rather exaggerated open stance. Using a sand wedge, take a full backswing and then slam the club head straight down into the sand, right in back of the ball. There is no follow-through—no nothing. Just stick it straight down behind the ball, with the club face way open instead of closed. In a sense, this is a big, violent slicing action, and the ball pops right up and out. It is a sure way to get out, if that is all you are interested in—and, in a lie like this, get-

ting out can be good enough. Be sure to remember that the ball will just plop down; it will not roll much.

I apply the same mechanics to a shot imbedded in mud or marsh, the only difference being that I follow through with the swing a little more. It is easier to get the club face through muck than sand. I still open the face of the club, rather than close it, and attempt to get tremendous pressure into the downswing. When you try it, you are apt to feel like you are plowing up half the earth, but when the ball comes sailing out you will be very pleased. Besides, there is one other satisfaction. You are mad because you are in such a place, and here is one golf shot where you are able to throw a club and hit the ball at the same time.



Near impact, the hands are way ahead of the club, the club comes down sharply and maximum force is being applied.

The wedge digs deep into the sand and shovels its way forward, but does not come up. There is no follow-through.

**CONTINUED**

Club face should be closed when twigs or pine needles are in the way, for this will help it cut through debris



Open the club face slightly when ball is in clear. Since the lie is springy, ball must be picked cleanly off leaves



## YOUR SUNDAY PUNCH

For someone who has played in the Masters championship 11 times, I ought to be able to avoid such places, but I can recall being in Augusta's pine needles more often than a spectator looking for a shortcut to the third green. How and why I get in there does not matter. But how I get out does.

The first rule is this: anytime you have to hit off of—or out of—something as unnatural as leaves or pine needles, you are going to need a punch shot, a shot with a low trajectory where the accent is on straightness. Usually you will not be shooting onto a green but at a spot near the green, and if it is a course as wooded as Augusta National you will be hitting between trees. Therefore forget about the distance involved and concentrate on accuracy. Your first job is to get to the fairway so the next shot will be clear. If you can do that and, at the same time, roll close to the green, you have really done something.

The principle of hitting off of pine needles or leaves—or wherever there is nothing solid beneath the ball—is the same as that used in picking a shot clean. You have got to hit the ball—and nothing but the ball. But you also have to get the ball up, which can be difficult when there is little but air under it. I like to take one more club for the shot than I usually would—say a five-iron instead of a six—play the ball slightly forward and stop the swing at the three-quarter point. Ordinarily this would mean the ball would not get up in the air well, but because there is no turf under the ball the club face itself can get down to give the shot loft, and the three-quarter swing—the punch—makes it much easier to keep the ball straight.

The shot can be used for that still more difficult situation when the ball is sitting amid some debris, even with twigs directly behind it so that you have to hit twigs, ball and all. Again, use one more club than usual. And stay with the punch shot. One last reminder: the more twigs and debris that seem to be in the way, the more you will want to close the club face to help cut through the junk. You can get at least 100 yards on this shot and frequently much more, depending on the lie. But don't mistake a log for a twig. I don't have a log shot.

## ROOM AT THE TOP

I am no trick-shot artist, so you probably would not believe me if I told you how to ricochet a ball off a rock, billiard style, or hit an upside-down wedge between your legs. There are certain occasions, however, and they come up frequently, where all of us have to use an unnatural swing to get out of an unfortunate place. These are the times when you have ended up so near an obstruction—a fence, a rock, a tree trunk, a low-hanging branch—that you must manipulate the shot without room for a backswing or a follow-through.

In either case—the limited backswing or the limited follow-through—you

should follow the same procedure. Let us say it is your backswing that is restricted. Begin to attack the problem by seeing how far you can lean forward, shifting your weight all the way onto your left foot while still maintaining enough balance to hit the shot. Next, address the ball off your right toe—way back there. With these moves you have immediately created some extra room. Now the hardest part. Select the most lofted club you can for the desired distance, because you need that extra shortness of shaft, and even then, you should choke down on the grip to gain still more room.

With the ball being addressed that far off the right foot, the natural tendency is to smother the shot with the club face,

so open the face to compensate for this. The swing is going to be more of a chop stroke, taking the club abruptly up and hitting almost straight down. You can get surprising distance with this shot, depending, naturally, on how much of a backswing you can take and how much club you use.

If the problem is not having enough room to follow through, simply reverse the logic: Play the ball forward with the weight on your right heel, choke down on the club, square the face and hit the same punch shot that I have described at left.

Granted, these are awkward, uncomfortable shots at best—low, ugly, formless things. But they will roll a long, long way and can be big stroke-savers.



In restricted lie put weight forward, choke down on grip, open the club face and address the ball off right toe. The result space to maneuver in

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### NEXT WEEK

Palmer explains the straight-up shot, gets you out of divot marks, off rocks and even out of trouble on the green.

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## PEOPLE

Unlike last year's injury, which occurred in a New York taxi accident, Comedienne **Carol Burnett's** latest fractured fibula was suffered in a most improbable locale. Carol cracked her right leg in four places while playing softball with neighborhood children at her Lido Beach, Long Island summer home. "I was just killing time," said Pitcher Burnett, whose technique in cutting off throws from the outfield apparently leaves something to be desired.

Iowa Governor **Harold Hughes** (below) never should have let his wife peddle this means of exercise to him. Judging by his expression as he cycles around his home, Hughes fears that the only weight he will lose cycling will be whatever he skins off.

Everett Dirksen wasn't about to lose the biggest game of his career just because a committee had thrown him a spitball. His bill to restore to states the right to constitute their own legislatures had been prevented from reaching the Senate floor for a vote, but Dirksen had another turn at bat coming. In a managerial move blending acumen and humor, the Illinois Senator moved to substitute his amendment for a resolution declar-

ing Aug. 31 to Sept. 6 National American Legion Baseball Week.

**Paul Douglas**, the other Senator from Illinois and a leader of the anti forces, was able to contain his admiration of the parliamentary maneuver. Declaring that his side was for "baseball unencumbered...., baseball pure and undefiled," Douglas referred to the motion as a "foul ball." He also called it an "end run around the Judiciary Committee," then apologized for mixing metaphors. Rising to heights of impassioned oratory on baseball ("I yield to no one in my fidelity to baseball. Shed no tears and have no cares.") and constitutional representation, Dirksen forgave his colleague and promised to preserve the purity of baseball—and of his amendment. The Senate was delighted. If the big-city forces really try their threatened filibuster, they had better have some relief acts ready in the bullpen.

Racing fans will be fascinated by a news release from Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico. It reads, in part, "Ever-popular **George (Pee Wee) Koys**, newly out of the hospital after having been kicked by a motorist in a Juárez parking lot, makes his unrepentant comeback here Thursday." Makes one wonder what happens to unpopular jockeys.

As he has been proving for years as third base, Giant Player **Jim Davenport** has good hands. Plying his talent in an odder field, Davenport outmilked Pittsburgh's **Gene Freese** and won himself a color television set. Setting up shop on the infield with bovine and bucket, Jimmy squirted five and a half pounds of milk to Freese's one and a half pounds.

Red Sox Center Fielder **Gary Geiger**, sidelined since June with a broken left hand, had—in his own words—"been going crazy since the injury. All I did was sit around and listen to the games on the radio." It seemed

only one further stage of insanity to Lynn Geiger, therefore, when her husband strapped off the set, borrowed her golf clubs and ran out of the house mumbling something about playing golf one-handed. But that is just what he did. Geiger played the par-73 Blue Rock course on Cape Cod one-handed—and shot a 39-36—75. "Well," said Gary apologetically later, "the doctor told me not to use my left hand at all."

**Jack Lemmon**, whose next movie will involve him in close contact with pro football, was dolefully relating Director **Billy Wilder's** inspiration for the film. Wilder was watching a game on television, according to Lemmon, and saw a big fullback make an end sweep, gallop out of bounds and fall right on top of a spectator. The field was so slippery the fullback then slid 15 more yards through mud and snow—still on top of the spectator. "Billy Wilder saw this thing," swears Jack, "and he says to himself, 'That's a movie, and the guy underneath is Lemmon.'"

Cincinnati Royal 6-foot 8-inch, 260-pound Center **Wayne Embry**, who needs lots of nourishment, almost went hungry on a recent

basketball tour of European and Near Eastern countries. Embry, however, wants it understood that he has no complaint about his hosts' generosity or culinary skills. "They tossed a real feast for us in Beirut the last night we were there," he says. "The plates of food were stacked to the ceiling. The first dish looked pretty good, but I had to ask the guy next to me what it was. 'Sheep brains,' he said. 'I think I'll pass.' I told him, 'Along came the next dish, and Embry had to ask what that one was, too. 'Snails,' said the interpreter. 'Pass,' said Embry. The third course, he recalled later, looked about the best, but he couldn't identify that either. 'Roasted sheep spleen,' said the interpreter. 'Pass,' mumbled Embry, rather green around his own spleen."

When he signed up to do that cat-food commercial, **Yogi Berra** (below) knew he would have to talk to a cat and that his first lines would go something like this: "Wow!" (Laugh) "Ugh!" (Whistle) "Gee, champ, you're an great shape. What do you eat to keep you going?" He did not suspect, however, until he saw the commercial for the first time, that the dubbed-in voice of the cat would be that of **Whitey Ford**.





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## Some fanatics whose fun is playing old records

**Theirs is a world of watches and tapes, and they willingly admit that when one of them runs in the shade what's under the tree is a nut**



**UNWATCHED HIMSELF,** track watcher Dunaway paces his favorite sport an exhausting try.

The man at left running with such dedication through New York's Central Park to no apparent purpose, is a nut. People look at him and say, "There goes a nut." His name is Jim Dunaway, he is an advertising man and where he would most like to be on July 31 is Kiev, Russia, site of the seventh U.S. vs. U.S.S.R. track meet. If he was there he would doubtless be up at dawn jogging through Sovyetski Park, where people would look at him and say, "There goes a nut." But what they don't know, either in Kiev or Central Park, is that Jim Dunaway is more than a nut, he is a Track Nut. He is also proud of it.

Track nuts are not to be confused with either park runners or track fans. There may be hundreds of thousands of the latter throughout the U.S. and the world, but there are probably no more than 10,000 track nuts. At least that is the circulation of their bible, *Track & Field News*, which is published monthly by the brothers Corder and Bert Nelson, at Los Altos, Calif., and supplemented during the indoor and outdoor seasons by a weekly *Track Newsletter*.

The difference between fan and nut is considerable. A fan can take a track-and-field meet and leave it, but a nut is never done with it. He must study it and analyze it and fit it into his encyclopedic knowledge of other meets. A fan is content to remember who won what and at what time, height or distance. A nut will record such data as the 110-yard clockings for 440-yard races. Corder Nelson recalls listening to Track Nut Hugh Gardner give a history of Indiana High School miler as far back as the records went. Track Nut Art Hoffman of Los Angeles prides himself on having seen 64 sub-four-minute miles run on the North American continent, starting

with Roger Bannister's victory over John Landy in the British Empire Games at Vancouver in 1954.

All sorts of track nut prowess are demonstrated at the bull sessions that inevitably take place at big meets. One occasion of this kind involved Kenneth S. Greenberg, Los Angeles attorney, who—holding a beer bottle aloft like an Olympic torch—recited the 200 best broad jumps of the U.S., Europe, Asia, Africa and way points, in order. A nut must be sure of his facts on such occasions. If he should be in the act of reciting the last 97 pole-vault records, for instance, and should miss the 57th, a half dozen of his associates will be on their feet to stop him cold.

Sometimes at the bull sessions nuts will test one another's knowledge by singing out dates or places where notable events occurred. For example, "Ann Arbor, Michigan." This should bring an instant response: "Three world records set by Jesse Owens, May 25, 1935. New broad-jump record of 26 feet 8½ inches, 220-yard low hurdles in 22.6, 220-yard dash in 20.3." For good measure it might be added that Owens tied the 100-yard dash record of 9.4. That is too easy, of course, for a track nut. A better test might be August 6, 1958. The answer: Herb Elliott set a new mile record at Dublin in 3:54.5, with the next four men to finish also under four minutes.

Not all members of this strange band of fanatics done on statistics alone. Some prefer to talk about fine examples of technique, and that is what they watch for. A technique specialist will concentrate on the high jumpers to see when they start ducking before takeoff, or the vaulters to note whether they obtain the same bend from their poles every time.

Generally speaking, track nuts do not mind being called track nuts. Their own official publication so refers to them, and to be mentioned as TN John Brown, say, is accepted as a title of respect. For a time membership cards were distributed by *Track & Field News*, identifying the holders as TNW (Track Nut of the World). The distribution of these cards was discontinued some years ago, but the editors of the *News* are considering issuing them again.

The wives of nuts are not always nuts. *Track & Field News* Editor Bert Nelson's wife is not, and Mrs. Corder Nelson is only mildly interested in the sport. Mrs. Franklin (Pitch) Johnson, whose hus-

band is the son of a former track coach at Stanford is, at the very most, a fan. Mrs. Henry David Thoreau, however, who entertained visiting nuts at a buffet supper in her four-story home overlooking San Francisco Bay during the NCAA meet in June, can talk track with anybody. Her husband, a distant kinsman of the man from Walden Pond, is a nut from way back, and his sons, David, 18, and Scott, 8, are already following his mental snipe marks.

Some true track nuts are loath to come right out and reveal themselves for what they are—it being no advantage around the office to have the boss learn that what you remember best is the who and where of 187 broad jumps. But in California this seems to be no handicap, and the track nuts are almost exhibitionists, especially those from Los Angeles. Take Art Hoffman, aforementioned collector of North American sub-four-minute miles. Hoffman is an executive for an electronics firm, a profession which he has desisted to attend the Olympic Games in Melbourne, Rome and Tokyo, as well as 10 National AAU meets, U.S.-Russian competitions at Philadelphia, Palo Alto and Los Angeles, Pan American meets at Mexico City and Chicago and dozens of college meets up and down the country. Other well-known Los Angeles nuts include Dick Bank, an acknowledged world expert who is a real-estate developer in Palm Springs; Stan Eales, a manufacturer's representative; Mort Tenner, a schoolteacher and Don Potts, professor of mathematics at San Fernando Valley State College.

But track nuts do not have one-track minds. George Raborn of the Glendale, Calif. *News-Press*, for example, has written a book, *How Hollywood Rates*, and has seen and rated 9,408 movies since 1933. His alltime favorite movies are *Gone with the Wind* and *King Kong*, which he has seen 42 times.

Few track nuts were athletes themselves. They do not collect autographs, and they rarely seek to cultivate track coaches. They are simply content to watch individual efforts, as opposed to pro football fans who like their action in bunches or baseball fans who like team play and team strategies or prizefight followers who like bloody combat with one of the parties preferably bowed.

Nor do they all run themselves, but many, such as Jim Dunaway, do. His vocation is writing commercials for one

of New York's largest advertising agencies. But in between snappy sentences he has learned everything about track and field events worth knowing. He writes and he runs. When he is in New York he works out at the West Side branch of the YMCA or in Central Park, from where he has been known to run down Fifth Avenue in his sweat clothes, en route to his home on East 51st Street.

Dunaway is a contributing editor of *Track & Field News*, making his knowledgeable stories available without benefit of honoraria. At certain meetings he serves as compiler of summaries for *The New York Times*, a service for which he is paid. In 1956, working for an advertising agency in Chicago, he took a year's leave of absence and attended the Olympics in Melbourne. To help defray his expenses he set up a one-man news bureau and covered athletes who were not otherwise being closely observed by representatives of their home-town papers. After Melbourne, he continued on around the world, hitchhiking rides on oil tankers.

Dumaway was also in Rome and in Tokyo. This year he planned his vacation carefully, and when the schedule was ready he took his wife, Joanne, into his confidence. They would fly to San Francisco, take in the NCAA at Berkeley, then dash by rented car to Sacramento for the Golden West Invitational three hours later, and finally double back to San Diego for the National AAU. Everything went according to plan, except that Joanne asked to be excused from the Golden West at Sacramento on the ground that she felt a little tired.

Dunaway didn't feel tired at all. He worked out every day at Berkeley, and in San Diego he ran three miles on the grass with Peter Snell. Snell won, Jim was also kept busy doing his summaries for *The New York Times* and working on his copy for *Track & Field News*. Even so, he found time to take Joanne out to dinner once in a while, and in one restaurant he entertained the guests by demonstrating the proper way to throw a javelin.

Joanne Dunaway, whose consuming interest was formerly the theater, now professes to be fascinated by her husband's hobby—and she can never say that she wasn't warned. On the night they became engaged Jim handed her two little boxes. Inside one was an engagement ring—standard equipment. Inside the other was a stopwatch. **END**



### Chart your course to pleasure

[illegible]

## Sack the shape or shape the sack?



The shape of the jackets worn here by steeplechase jockeys on the United Hunts race circuit is causing the biggest haberdashery flap since the Ivy Leaguers' shapeless three-button sack coat became a national male uniform 10 years ago. "It's too British," say some, and indeed the fitted and flared cut takes its inspiration from the classic lines of an Englishman's riding jacket. "It won't sell," say others, firmly entrenched in their Ivy League shops. The truth of the matter is that its fitted lines are more difficult to tailor and many a retailer would rather keep the nonfitting sack. But well-dressed men, whether on horseback or in Mustangs, like the sporty new silhouette and already are giving their old-fashioned sack coats the sack.



Gabardine jacket worn by Olympic equestrian Frank Chapot (above) at the Rose Tree hunt in Meho, Pa., emphasizes fitted and flared cut.

Over his 10's, Jonathan Sheppard (left) wears new-style jacket with wider lapels, darted front and hacking pockets at Purchase, N.Y. meet.

A shaped jacket in a horsey plaid is worn by steeplechaser Paddy Smithwick (right, with Mrs. Carter Hitchcock in the Purchase paddock).



# OVER THE BOUNDING WABES

*On a voyage of discovery, parentwise, a skeptical landsman cruises the San Juans with his kids and finds the best part of boating is just hacking around*

BY JACK OLSEN

PAINTINGS BY ROBERT WEAVER

We were throttled down to 500 rpm, trolling for silver salmon in one of the passes in the San Juan Islands off Washington and British Columbia, when the ferryboat cut us off at the pass exactly the way a Chicago truck driver will cut you off on Halsted Street. We had thought he was going to zoom straight up the center of the pass, as any right-thinking ferryboat would, and so we veered our 36-foot powerboat toward the shoreline, about 100 yards away. But the ferryboat kept aiming for the narrowing space between us and the land, and at the last minute we realized that this 1,717-ton hot rod had us cornered, so we altered course. He missed us by about 30 yards and we braced to take his wake. "Sit down!" I yelled at the kids. Now we would find something out. Was I the father of three born sailors or three stifled city kids who couldn't take a little pounding? *Whark!* The first wave hit us and the boat shuddered. From below I heard the delighted squeals of Julie, 9, and Barrie, 5, bouncing up and down on their bunks. The boat shivered and yawed and things flew around as we lurched some more. Captain Al Mendenhall muttered,

*continued*

*We saw lime lilies platted with wild flowers and beat-up fishing craft on the shore waiting for salmon to run again.*







*We caught muscular salmon and four-foot sharks, collected shells and starfish, explored wrecked tugboats, a derelict British blockhouse and who knows what all.*

"Durn!" which is as vulgar as Captain Al Mendenhall can get. My son Evan, who is 6 and still struggling with his v's and b's, rose three feet in the air, like Gus Grissom, and on his return to the deck said matter-of-factly, "This is fun. I like the wabes." And that was the high point of the trip, kidwise.

It didn't matter that we cruised through Washington state's San Juan Islands for 10 days and rode horses and dug clams and caught muscular salmon and four-foot sharks and collected shells and mauve starfish and explored wrecked tugboats and a derelict British blockhouse and old lime kilns and who knows what all. The apogee of the trip was getting the bum's rush from a ferryboat. Julie, the 9-year-old, said the experience was enough to make up for missing a week and a half of the Soupy Sales show. Soupy is No. 9 on her list of favorite historical personages (I am first, President Kennedy is No. 2, her school bus driver is No. 3 and the Rolling Stones are Nos. 4 through 8). Barrie, a preschooler who has a laugh that could make Ford Frick smile, kept asking when the big boat was coming back. And Evan told me as the

day wore on that if I couldn't produce another "gigantic" ferryboat backwash he would tell me what I could do with my boat trip.

I must confess to having had certain anxieties even before our chartered 36-foot sedan cruiser *Allu* headed out of the Bellingham (Wash.) Yacht Club for the San Juans. For 10 days we would be some 15 miles offshore in the northernmost part of Puget Sound: me, the three kids, Captain Mendenhall and an old friend of this magazine, Phil Portrey, who would serve as navigator, fishing guide, social director and baby-sitter. At worst, I envisaged a total ennui. I had never thought of boats as anything except transportation or fishing platforms. To me a boat that was not either making a specific journey from X to Y or pulling fishing lines through the water was a perversion. Yet here I was committed to just hacking around 400-odd islands with no destination, no itinerary and no plans. A landsman with no destination, itinerary or plans can be arrested as a vagrant.

On the other hand (I thought as we prepared to cast off all lines), the trip

could turn into another Vietnam. The kids would be fighting day and night, ventilating their sibling rivalries in the confines of our small floating battlefield, and I would be spending most of my time trying to mediate, ordering apologies and holding down the deckbells.

I promptly decided that the way to fend off this possibility was to let them know who was boss straight off. So when Evan gave me some lip as we were crossing Bellingham Bay toward the cool, green islands, I told him to go below until he could learn to behave himself, whereupon he burst into tears. Little Barrie marched across the cabin, looked me straight in the eye and said in her breathless way: "Judy says—when you boss a child—and make him cry—God feels—sorry for him!" Then all three children went below to ignore me vigorously.

There was simply no end to my ineptitude until I finally gave up and let the natural wonders of the San Juan Islands take over in the entertainment department. I mean, I would get into situations like this: We were cruising near the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and the kids wanted to know how this body of water got its name. Well, I explained, it was named after Juan de Fuca.

"Who is he?"

Well, he was a Greek explorer, and his real name was Apostolos Valerianos.

"Why isn't the strait named the Strait of Apostolos Valerianos? It's a lie to name it after Juan de Fuca."

No, it isn't, because Valerianos sailed under the name Juan de Fuca when he went exploring for the Spanish government.

"Oh, he discovered the strait then?"

No, he only pretended to discover it. Charles Barkley really discovered it.

"Charles Barkley? Then it's a bigger lie than ever!"

I finally decided to set up a surrogate villain and function merely as a pal to my children, a friend, more a brother than a father. "Come here, pals," I said, and assembled them in convention below. "There's one thing you pals should know about a boat," I whispered. "The captain is the absolute boss. If he tells you to stand on your head and whistle *Melancholy Baby*, you better do it!"



"Why would he ask me to stand on my head and whistle *Melancholy Baby*?" Julie asked.

"I don't mean it literally," I said, but three puzzled faces reminded me that none of them knew what literally meant. By the time I had finished trying to explain the unfortunate reference to *Melancholy Baby*, I had hopelessly confused everybody and doomed my children to going through life thinking of charterboat captains as weird tyrants who order people to do ridiculous things and you *better do it!* I muttered a silent prayer of thanks when the first island came into sight.

That night, moored against one of the long fingers of Sucia Island, I realized what a blessing Al Mendenhall and Phil Portrey were going to be. In the first place, astounding as this may sound, they actually enjoyed taking children on a cruise. Al is a weekend sailor who owns

a business in Bellingham and takes lunatic fathers on charter trips in his sedan cruiser (a brand-new Ed Monk design, which, for those who care about such things, sleeps seven, has a flying bridge, a 300-hp Interceptor engine, 27-knot top speed, 14-knot cruising speed, Walters V-drive, Wagner hydraulic steering, 42-inch draft). Al used to play reed in pit orchestras at burlesque houses in his home town of Indianapolis before he came out to Washington. The four-day epoch of his life does not seem to have scarred him, but it has left him with a residuum of hoary humor for entertaining children. Sample:

Customer: I'll have two eggs.

Waitress: How do you like your eggs?

Customer: Fine.

Waitress: No, I mean how do you like them cooked?

Customer: Even better.

If you don't think that's funny, you've

never been 10 days at sea with your children. I am proud to say that my 9-year-old daughter was able to match Captain Al joke for joke. She would say, "What is the biggest pencil in the world?" and he would say, "I don't know," and she would say, "Pencil-vana." When the guffaws (some of them sincere) had died down, Julie would say, "What does your clock say? Answer I don't know."

"I don't know," Al would answer dutifully.

"Tacktock!"

The other member of the crew, Phil Portrey, runs a gas station and auto repair shop in Ferndale, Wash. and spends most of his time away from it.

A few years ago Phil decided to take an outboard-motorboat trip to Alaska to show that it could be done. Everybody around told him he was crazy to set out on such a harebrained trip. For-

*continued*



One sees in microcosm the general American exodus from the farms to the cities. Abandoned barnhouses, cabins, schools, mines and logging camps are all over the place, and almost without exception children can clamber through them.

trex's answer was to make the 2,000-mile journey in an open 24-footer (SI, May 9 & 16, 1960) and come back as refreshed as if he'd just gone fishing. Once, when he took his 72-year-old father out in a 16-foot open boat, the gas line broke loose and covered the bottom of the boat with flaming gasoline. The Portrey *père et fils* roved five searing miles to the beach, sank the boat in shallow water, recovered some floating frankfurters for lunch, refloated the boat and went out and caught five salmon. When a Portrey sets out to do a thing, he does it.

The two of them, Captain Al and Executive Officer Phil, made life comfortable and low-pressure on board, which is essential for a cruise with children. Even their mode of speech was relaxing and restful; they dealt in well-seasoned, carefully tested phrases in marked contrast to the convoluted tergiversations of the effete East. "Say when!" Phil would say as he poured for Al and, after a hit, Al would say,

"When!" Al made the children laugh by telling them they were more fun than a barrel of monkeys, and they laughed again when Phil asked if he should start the stove and Al told him he could fire when ready, Grindley. Phil ended each meal by saying, "I've had it," and soon all the children were making the same announcement. They picked up enough motts to last three years in the public schools of Connecticut.

And if the children admired our boatmen for their proficiency with simple, clear English, I soon learned to admire them for their seamanship in a body of water that presents problems unknown to most Sunday sailors. In this far tip of Puget Sound all sorts of mysterious actions and reactions are going on beneath the surface. Cold Alaskan tides pour down Georgia Strait to the north and meet the warmer tides coming up the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the west; these two saltwater rivers blend in whirling conjunction and then slam into a vast

infusion of lighter fresh water pouring into the bay from the Fraser River and other streams. The result is a "living" bay, almost exactly like a pot of water just before it comes to a rolling boil. Crossing from one San Juan island to another in a dead calm, we would see constant etchings on the surface that bore testimony to the mixing process going on underneath. Every now and then, for no visible reason, patches of water as big as a mile square would erupt into noisy whitecaps, while the surrounding waters remained flat. Here and there we would see whirlpools slowly swirling, with treacherous knots of logs at their centers. Once when we were "mooring" (drift-fishing), we came to an invisible whirlpool that turned us a full 360° before spinning us gently off the rim. During the spin, our lines, at various angles from the stern of the *Alta*, never varied in their distance or direction from the boat. Phil Portrey swears he has seen upwellings of this working body of water

*In this far tip of Puget Sound all sorts of mysterious actions and reactions go on beneath the surface. Cold tides pour down from the north and meet the warmer tides coming up from the west.*



so intense and sudden that bottom fish like red snapper and rock cod were propelled to the surface with their air bladders billowed out of their mouths like balloons. "I shudder when I look back on my first trips out here," Al Mendenhall said. "At first we only had a 24-footer and I used to take the whole family out in it, and the only explanation I can make for getting away with it is that the Good Maker puts his arm around you the first few times and after that you're on your own. I finally had a couple of bad experiences, so I went to the Coast Guard school and learned what to do in these waters."

"The tides are one reason you really need a flying bridge here," said Phil Portrey, who captains his own 20-footer when he isn't out on somebody else's craft. "You need to be up there to read the water. And you have to throw out all the normal rules. Like in a storm out here, sometimes you're better off going deeper into a storm, if you have to, to avoid a rip. When you're in a storm you've got a wind and waves coming at you from one direction. You can manipulate your boat to handle this. But when you're in a tide rip the waves will come from every direction and pop right up in back of you. If I'm in a small boat and a storm comes up, I either run for it or head for the middle of a kelp bed. Kelp hardly ever grows on reefs, so you're pretty sure you won't go aground if you're in a mess of it. And all that kelp helps settle the water."

"And just when you think you've got things like that figured out," put in the captain, "you run over a deadhead and rip out the bottom of your boat."

The area around the San Juans has been heavily logged at one time or another, and after every high tide thousands of fat logs take to the water to bob toward some other littoral. Most of them are visible, but a few become heavily waterlogged "deadheads" that ride barely above the surface.

In Roche Harbor on San Juan Island, Mendenhall pointed to a yacht tied up nearby. "That's a friend of mine," he said. "One day when I was sailing with him a deadhead wiped off the whole bottom of his boat—shaft, strut, propel-

ler, rudders. He got another boat and did the same thing again—the same day! He was so disgusted he told me, 'Al, if the head worked, I'd go below and throw up.' Now see him moored over there? *He's done it again!*"

The islands themselves are as inviting a natural showcase as is to be found anywhere in the world, and the fact that they are so little known is a tribute to the closeness of the Northwesters, who know how to protect an asset from spoilage. There are 400-and-some San Juan islands at high tide (nobody knows for sure) and 700-and-some at low tide, all of them in a sort of meteorological pocket sheltered by 285-mile-long Vancouver Island, the mainland, and the Cascade and Olympic mountain ranges. The air comes billowing in from the Pacific with a load of moisture and spills itself on the west coast of Vancouver Island (150 inches a year) or skips over the island and pours on the mainland of Washington and British Columbia, but for the most part it spares the San Juans, which get as little as 23 inches. The islands lie in what natives wishfully call a "banana belt," although your time there will not be spent profitably looking for bananas. The mean annual temperature is 49.5°, and the combination of sunshine and mild temperatures produces a profusion of flowers—shooting star, dog's-tooth violet, Oregon sunshine, pestil pansy, Scotch broom, Indian paintbrush and wild rose. There are heavy stands of oak, fir, spruce, hemlock, maple, yew, alder and larch, and dotted among them is a strange local tree called *madroña* that grows only on the West Coast. The *madroña* is deciduous, but it sheds both its leaves and its bark, revealing a colorful under-skin of a dainty hue that looks as though it were painted on in orange watercolors. The *madroñas* grow in gnarled, undisciplined patterns out of cracks in the rocks and thrive on a steady diet of sea spray that would kill most vegetation, and yet they are almost impossible to transplant. Their only competitors as the local arboreal splendor are the apple trees, most of them unpruned and strag-

gly, that date back 50 and 60 years to a time when the San Juans produced most of the vegetables and fruits for cities like Seattle and Bellingham. The Gravenstein apple, greenish and streaked with red, with a crisp meat that snaps when you bite it, was said to have originated on the San Juans, and you can still pick them all over the islands. With the apples came deer, swimming from one island to another, following the harvest like a bunch of Mexican *braceros*. It used to take two men to pick apples on the islands: one to pick and one to keep the deer out of the buckets. There are 2,500 deer on little Blakely Island, 10 square miles in area, and any pilot with sense will buzz the landing strip to chase the deer before trying to set down there.

The children and I rattled around those islands for 10 days and, looking back on it, I don't think we ever did the same thing twice, nor did we ever strike out. We made three trolls for different kinds of salmon and each time got what we were after. We set out crab pots and brought in enough Dungeness crabs to feed six. In one hour at low tide on Suzia Island we all became doctors of philosophy in clam hunting, collecting a solid quart of shelled meat from "butter" clams, so named by the natives because they used to leave them on a log next to the fire until they popped open, then stick on a dab of butter and gobble them down. Large butter clams are so full of meat that they can't close their shells all the way. We dug them on a tiny neck of land between two bays, an isthmus only exposed at the lowest tides and simply alive with the spurts of water showing where the clams have established residence. There were butter clams, horse clams, steamers, cockles; there were hundreds of starfish on the scene for the same reason we were: to eat clams. Eighteen starfish, in bright purple and rose and coral colors, lay huddled together against the bottom of a tall rock; they were big, a foot across, and they clung so tightly to their rockhold that they would leave their spines behind if you tried to break them off. A few feet away were tidal pools with baby flounders and skates and codfish and eels temporarily trapped in them. Sea anemones,

continued

sea cucumbers, sand dollars and china-man's-hats also waited out the return of the tide. Over the whole pebbled beach and its clam fountains and bright sea life hung a medicinal smell whose foremost component was iodine—the same clean, biting odor I used to get in the back room of Doc Raymond's drugstore in Drexel Hill, Pa.

It almost seems redundant that on some of these islands freshwater lakes have been stocked with trout and bass, as if the multitudinous sea life were not enough. In one of them I caught two rainbow trout in the 22-inch class in an evening's trolling, and in another I caught and released six bass in an hour. The freshwater fishing is so good that owners of the islands have requested that only artificials be used, this because a skilled baitman can take three or four fish almost any day on a single dragonfly or worm.

The San Juans offer a form of fishing

that takes all the pain out of starting young children in this fine art. With the boat moving slowly ahead, you jig six or eight tiny unbaited hooks. Herring, which are plankton eaters, think they are looking at silvery bits of plankton moving through the water, and you catch them four or five at a time without bait. Then you can put a whole herring on a larger hook and drop to the bottom for cod, red snapper and dog shark. My two girls hauled fish up from the depths till they were arm-weary. My boy refused to quit until he had hooked what turned out to be a 50-pound shark (Evan weighs 42). He wrestled with the shark for about 10 minutes, then turned to me and said, "I can catch this fish if you'll do me one favor."

"What's that?"

"Just turn this handle," he said, handing me the rod.

He wasn't trying to be funny. He was physically unable to land the fish, but he

wanted to feel that he had caught it and that my role was minor. So he pretended that I was just doing him "one favor" (I was grateful that Namu had not yet started south). For the rest of the trip we had to hear and rehearse how Evan had caught the big shark. My name wasn't mentioned in the recounting.

Watching my children fish reinforced a lifelong feeling that fishing is the ultimate hope for peace in the world, a balm to the soul, an excellent hair restorative and all-round therapeutic aid for any serious malaise. If we were just messing around doing nothing, the kids might stir up trouble. Evan would say, "Whoever likes me, raise their hand," and everybody's hand would go up, but Barrie's would not go up high enough to satisfy Evan and the war would be on. The instant we broke out the fishing rods, however, peace returned. Provided, that is, each child had his own rod and was allowed to fish for himself, which is another important thing I learned about children on this trip. They don't want any of that baloney where the parent baits the hook, gets the strike and then turns the fish over to the child for reeling in. They want their own rod, to feel their own strikes, to set their own hooks and bring in their own fish, at least to the limit of their strength. They want an identity as an independent operator, not just as Daddy's helper. Given this identity, they can be pleased by almost anything: a long piece of string, a box of checkers, a dog-eared old deck of cards, a bird soaring overhead.

On one memorable day we were watched over by a bald eagle, perched in the top of a tree on a nearby knoll. He was one of half a dozen we saw in all, and he allowed himself to be bullied by a sparrow that dipped and dived at his head in a bold move to keep the eagle away from the nesting area. Phil Portrey told us this was a common sight in the San Juans, and that the eagles usually tried to gain altitude, like a Focke-Wulf 190, to put off the attackers. We also saw blue herons, goldfinches, hummingbirds, oyster-catchers and a merry little bird called the sea pigeon who is good for about six shows a day for the children. The sea pigeon sits on the water in basic



*Phil Portrey runs a gas station and spends most of his time away from it. He once took an outboard-motor trip to Alaska just to show it could be done.*

black splotched with two white bands near the base of his wings, but when he gets up to fly one sees that he is wearing bright red feet that make him look like a clown. He is a sea feeder and sticks his head in the water—giomp!—with the same alacrity that a human takes a sip of tea, a fact that never failed to amaze the children. As if this were not merriment enough, the sea pigeon sometimes tucks his wings back and dives completely out of sight, coming up minutes and yards away, to the wonderment of the onlookers. When you come near, he will whistle and fuss at you, like a Manhattan cab driver in heavy traffic. I have the sea pigeons to thank for several restful naps in midafternoon. I would also like to extend my thanks to the Bonaparte gull, the merganser and the phalarope, as well as the bittern, the sea parrot and the black shag, for favors granted on this trip.

On the islands themselves one sees in microcosm the general American exodus from the farms to the cities. Abandoned farmhouses, cabins, schools and mines are all over the place, and almost without exception children can clamber through them. The San Juans are no different from any other rural community that has been deserted in the cityward trend of the last two or three decades, except for the fact that they are islands and therefore relatively free of the vandalism that has stripped the abandoned homesteads on the mainland. We saw old logging camps with equipment intact, mills, lime kilns cluttered with wild flowers, beat-up fishing craft lying on the shore, waiting for the salmon to run again. We saw abandoned gold mines, a house with a hand-carved wooden bathtub, a steam tugboat washed up on the beach, with its screw and rudder rusted tight to their pins, a ghost town complete with pear, apple and plum trees and raspberry and salmonberry bushes and a corral for horses. We saw an old barn crumbling into the ground and nearby a house with a single white curtain flapping from a broken upper window and a liberated rose bush climbing all over the front door. Who planted it? When?

Where are they now, and where are their children? I had two feelings when I entered the old dwelling, a feeling of intrusion, and a feeling of sadness that everything must pass and change. And yet my curiosity was too overwhelming to let me pass it by. Inside, in the dim light, I could make out an overstuffed chair with an undignified protruding spring, an old skillet, kerosene lamps and the chassis of an American Bosch Magneto radio like the one we had in our living room when I was a boy. On this same island there was even a carefully preserved schoolhouse, complete to the dunce stool in the corner and books on the shelves. This was a particularly sinister schoolhouse, for its teacher murdered a man 100 years ago and was hanged on a knot he had to tie himself for the executioner.

Someone said that you could cruise the islands for a lifetime and never put in at the same bay twice or hear the same story twice. You might, however, wind up at the same marina more than once, since there is only a handful of them in the islands. With small children aboard, you have to stop at marinas every three or four days, not only to refuel but to fill the water tanks, since there is nothing small children want more than water once they find out that the supply on board is limited. Personally, speaking as a landlubber, I found the marinas a necessary nuisance and the last place in the world to visit on a San Juan cruise. To begin with, they were populated by the unpleasant half of the seagoing fraternity: the half that will plough through 30 miles of storm-tossed sea in a \$50,000 boat for the sole purpose of jolling around a marina on a hot Sunday afternoon drinking Salty Dogs and telling dirty jokes to other people who have ploughed through 30 miles of storm-tossed sea in a \$50,000 boat *et cetera ad infinitum*. The smell is of creosote and gasoline; the sun is hot and the water is full of pop bottles and orange rinds and oil slick, and the people are all there for the wrong reasons. "Tell you the truth," Phil Portrey said, "I think most of 'em come out to compare notes on what the other fellow's got on his boat. Then they run back in town to get the same thing. Look at that express

continued

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## OVER THE WABLS

cruiser down there." He pointed to a handsome Chris-Craft that had enough chrome on it to refurbish two dozen Detroit sedans. "How'd you like to polish all that gingerbread?"

"You wouldn't get me near here if I didn't have to," Portrey went on. "Hey Al, c'mere and look at those two lights on that boat next to us. Now, what the hell does he want with two beams like that? Those lights are expensive."

"You darn betcha," Captain Al said. "One hundred twenty-four dollars apiece," said Phil.

"You better believe it," said Al. "I'll just never understand the idle rich."

"The idle rich don't understand the idle rich."

"You can say that again," Phil said. My own conception of marina life was epitomized by the little pink-dyed poolie that had fallen off a cruiser and was swimming in circles around the pilings while a size 18 woman in a size 12 bikini emoted around and cried, "I'll die! I'll just die!" Her husband grappled for the poolie with a beachhook but the pup was in no hurry to come back aboard; he was doing the first natural thing he'd ever done in a life of being coiffed and shampooed and trimmed and walked and curbed. As soon as the kids came back from a trail ride, we got away from that marina and back to the sweet smell of failure coming off the sea and the beaches.

Julie told me that Soupy Sales had been killed, hit in the face with a lead pie, and the captain told me one of his four-a-day jokes about a Brooklyn kid and a bird that chooped like a bowd, and Phil Portrey lifted little Barrie high in the air and told her she was cute as a bug, and I played a simple card game with Evan and went in the tank for two chocolate cookies and a vanilla, and we were all as happy as hooley owls. If I had to spend my life on a boat, I'd spend it right there on the *Alta*, rollicking around the San Juan Islands with Phil and Captain Al and the three kids. And if that hot-rod ferry wanted to cut us off again and give us the back of its wake, it would be perfectly all right with me. I like wabls, too, and you better darn believe it.

END

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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

Second baseman Pete Rose helped prevent a CINCINNATI (4-4) collapse with his aggressive play. The Reds, who pulled to within one game of Los Angeles, had lost three straight before Pete took charge. He saved a 5-4 win over San Francisco with a unique interference call that sent the apparent tying run back to third base with two out in the ninth inning. Moving to Houston, Rose tripled, doubled and singled, driving home three runs in a 9-1 win, tripled in the seventh inning to spoil Don Nottbart's bid for a no-hit game and tripled in both runs in the eighth inning of a third game to give Joe Nuxhall a one-hit victory. A switch hitter with a .312 average, Rose attributes his success to complete self-confidence. Hearing a teammate's suggestion that it would be a shame for someone to ruin Warren Spahn's debut with the Giants, Pete shouted: "Here's one young punk that would." He promptly hit a first-inning home run off Spahn. Said Rose, "When guys are on base, I just can't wait to get up there." A Cincinnati native, Rose tried to pattern himself after ex-Redleg Johnny Temple and, as Temple says, "Pete plays tough and runs tough. And when he knocks someone over he really gets his kicks." The Reds also received a second straight strong performance from Joey Jay, who had been out for three weeks with a bad elbow. But Pitcher Jim O'Toole, with a 1-8 record, claimed that "the management has lost confidence in me." SAN FRANCISCO (5-2) rolled along behind Bob Shaw's two victories and Willie McCovey's three home runs, halting the Braves' 10-game winning streak in the process. Shaw two-hit Chicago but was ejected in his next start after making

only two pitches. He argued that a pitch had not hit Felipe Alou's hand. Undaunted, Shaw came back the next day and beat the Braves anyway. Only one thing marred the Giants' week: Manager Herman Franks suspended Jim Hurt for breaking training regulations. MILWAUKEE (4-3) moved ahead on power. Hank Aaron homered in four straight games, and the Braves hit at least one home run in 21 of 22 games. Bob Friend of PITTSBURGH (5-2) pitched a one-hitter and also made his first hit in 75 at bats. Vern Law won three games, one in relief. Ed Bailey drove in eight runs in one game with a grand slam homer, a three-run homer and a single, but CHICAGO (4-4) pitching allowed 52 hits and eight home runs in a four-game stretch. KANSAS CITY (3-5), thanks to the Dome, was more than 900,000 ahead of its 1964 attendance. Jim Wynn stole two bases, giving him 23 in 25 attempts, and 18-year-old Larry Dierker pitched and won his first complete game. Johnny Callison, Tony Taylor and Johnny Briggs were knocked senseless in a violent outfield collision during another PHILADELPHIA (3-5) loss. The Phillies, who have flied horribly (and painfully), had lost eight of 12. ST. LOUIS (3-4) won a game on a misjudged pop fly for the fourth time this year. Manager Casey Stengel of NEW YORK (3-4) was hospitalized with a fractured hip and was scheduled for surgery. Al Jackson two-hit the Pirates, and John Stephenson beat the Phillies with a pinch-hit single. LOS ANGELES (3-4) had lost four straight, including two in extra innings, before Claude Osteen beat the Cardinals.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

"I think we can handle Minnesota," said BALTIMORE (5-3) Manager Hank Bauer, discussing the pennant race before the Orioles-Twins series in Baltimore. Sure enough, in the first game Steve Barber needed only 79 pitches for a 3-2 victory. Boog Powell's homer won the second game 3-1 and spoiled MINNESOTA (5-3) Manager Sam Mele's return from his five-day suspension and \$500 fine. That left the Orioles only 2½ games behind Baltimore was coasting with a 5-1 lead in the next game when the Twins erupted for seven runs in the last two innings and won 8-5. Minnesota had scored only 22 runs in seven games before visiting Boston earlier last week. But Tony Oliva had five hits one night, Bob Allison beat Dick Radatz with a two-run triple and the Twins scored 30 runs and had 39 hits in winning all three games and their 11th in 12 games against the Sox. Dave Wickersham's first win in 14 weeks, Denny McLain's eighth straight victory and home runs by Norm Cosh and Don Wert

spurred at BROOKLYN (6-2). CLEVELAND (4-4) teammates Luis Tiant and Catcher Duke Sims homered to beat New York, and Sam McDowell managed to win his 10th game after six attempts. Vic Davalillo's batting average dropped 60 points in a month, but new Center Fielder Chuck Hinton homered in four successive games. "Regular Utility Man" Ken Hamlin and Ptebber Phil Ortega each won two games for WASHINGTON (5-3). Filling in at second base and shortstop, Hamlin hit two home runs to beat Detroit and a two-run double to beat Kansas City. Ortega allowed only nine hits and two earned runs in his complete-game victories. Senator pitchers gave up just 18 runs in 8 games and lost twice by 2-0 scores. CHICAGO (1-6) finally found some power, scoring 10 runs and hitting three homers to end a six-game losing streak during which 41 of its 53 hits were singles. Smokey Burgess, that old pro, set a record with his 10th pinch hit. Pitcher Mel Stottlemyre of NEW YORK (4-4) hit an inside-the-park grand-slam home run to beat Boston, followed with a four-hit win over Cleveland. But Jim Bouton lost twice and was 4-11 for the year. KANSAS CITY'S (3-5) John O'Donoghue lost his third 1-0 game. Bert Campaneris, who leads his team's Jose Cardenal of LOS ANGELES (3-4) in the base-stealing race, finally learned to speak a complete sentence in English: "How many bases did Cardenal steal today?" For the season, Campaneris had 33 and Cardenal 31. Tony Conigharo was fined a reported \$1,000 for a series of incidents which peeved astros (3-5) Manager Billy Herman. Carl Yastrzemski, playing despite a pulled leg muscle, led teammate Felix Mantilla by 30 points in the batting race.

## SLUGGING LEADERS\*

| NATIONAL LEAGUE      | AB  | TR  | PGI |
|----------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| Mays SF (302)        | 317 | 894 | 420 |
| Alou LF (138)        | 327 | 893 | 380 |
| McCovey 3B (290)     | 309 | 120 | 547 |
| Callison PH (208)    | 363 | 201 | 557 |
| Stangel PH (276)     | 316 | 126 | 557 |
| Alfonso PH (153)     | 348 | 189 | 543 |
| Rubenson 2B (321)    | 359 | 180 | 579 |
| Jones PH (273)       | 275 | 144 | 523 |
| Torre 1B (303)       | 308 | 155 | 517 |
| Alfonso PH (297)     | 318 | 144 | 509 |
| AMERICAN LEAGUE      |     |     |     |
| Yastrzemski 3B (348) | 340 | 146 | 613 |
| Morison DH (383)     | 277 | 149 | 610 |
| Kalane PH (292)      | 276 | 149 | 540 |
| Conervey 1B (290)    | 331 | 172 | 527 |
| Hall 1B (351)        | 334 | 172 | 515 |
| Allison 1B (274)     | 290 | 127 | 508 |
| Kubelover 1B (242)   | 332 | 167 | 502 |
| Thurston 1B (291)    | 327 | 164 | 502 |
| Whitfield 1B (280)   | 231 | 115 | 496 |
| Ravellon 2B (275)    | 250 | 124 | 496 |

\*through July 24

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK



PETE ROSE



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## COMEDIA DELL' HUARTE

Sirs:

Your cover story (*Quest for Stars*, July 19) on the man who owns the Jets and "Jagun Joe" Namath was most enlightening. Werblin's background is amazing. Now I understand why Alabama's leading sportswriter says Werblin doesn't care if Joe's knee makes him a 50-50 chance prospect because he's gotten his money's worth out of publicity already. But for the doubting Thomases among your readers I want to say that if Joe plays, Werblin will make millions with his star system. You say he has an "instinctive feeling that Namath will project better than Hume." You bet. He creates excitement just looting onto the field with a cat-like slouch, and this old football fan does not believe she ever has or ever will again see anything to equal him.

FRANCIS B. MATTHEWS

Anneton, Ala.

Sirs:

Anyone who would foist such garbage as *Overland Trail*, *Treasure Men in Action*, *Markham*, *Shogun Slade*, *John Staccato*, etc. ad infinitum on the American public must be suspected of duping the 35,000 suckers who bought season tickets.

LANNY R. MEDDINGS

Burbank, Calif.

Sirs:

You stress the New York Jets and their roster of "actors," but neglect to tell us what dramatic form the conversion will take. Obviously, the farcical improvisations of the *commedia dell' huarie*.

JOHN O. LEVINSON

Chicago

Sirs:

Who is Sonny Werblin trying to kid, claiming that he discovered Eddy Duchin? I remember Eddy when he played piano in Leo Reisman's band in the Egyptian Room, Hotel Brunswick, Boston, in the '20s. Werblin was just a kid at the time and living in Brooklyn.

JOE CHERRY

Reso

## BIG SCREEN

Sirs:

I am writing to correct misstatements in an article by "Bill Vecek with Ed Linn" which appeared in your issue of May 24, 1965. The article dealt generally with the acquisition by CBS of the New York Yankees and undertook to review and express opinions about the propriety of my personal actions as a stockholder and Chairman of the Board of the Baltimore Orioles.

as well as a stockholder of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The writers are entitled to their opinions as to the American League's wisdom in approving CBS as an owner of a major league team, but they should not have undertaken to characterize my actions and describe my part in the proceedings that anteceded that acquisition without at least checking the facts.

On page 45 the article states that Baltimore's vote in favor of CBS at the meeting of the American League owners in Boston was only made possible by my vote as Chairman of the Board of the Orioles in breaking a tie, three of the other directors having voted against the approval and three in favor. No such vote was ever cast by me as chairman nor was any such vote by me necessary. The facts are that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Baltimore Orioles held on August 17, 1964 consideration was given

Dunn to represent Baltimore at the league meeting "with instructions to listen at the said meeting to all of the evidence and arguments in favor of, or against, approval of the said transaction, and with authority to vote on behalf of the Baltimore baseball club in such manner as a majority of the said committee might decide." It is therefore a completely erroneous statement, made in the Vecek-Linn article, that it was "his (my, Iglehart's) vote—the vote of a major stockholder of CBS—which put the deal through."

Two other matters require comment to complete and correct the picture which the Vecek-Linn article distorts. The fact is that after CBS acquired the Yankees with the league's approval, the action taken by me in putting my CBS stock in trust with the First National Bank of Baltimore as trustee was an action taken by me with the approval of and pursuant to the direction of the American League at its meeting in Clearwater, Fla. on March 29, 1965. Whether or not Mr. Vecek approves of that action is somewhat beside the point. It was the action officially directed by the American League, which I complied with.

The second point which requires explanation is that long before and quite apart from CBS acquisition of the New York Yankees, I for some time had been unhappy with my associates in the ownership of the Baltimore Orioles. I had been attempting for some time to acquire the stock of one of the other two large stockholders, whose stock, together with the stock I already owned, would have given me control of the club. Had I been able to effect that purchase, I would have remained as the controlling stockholder of the Orioles and would have been happy to continue to serve as chairman of its board or in any other capacity that its directors would have requested. Being unsuccessful in my efforts to acquire that stock, I was forced to act pursuant to an agreement which had been made some years before between me and that other stockholder under which either of us had a right, if we received an offer for our stock from an outside person to notify the other and to give the other the opportunity either a) to buy the stock at the same price as the outside offer or b) to sell the stock at that price. I repeat that my negotiations with that other stockholder had extended for more than a year prior to the Yankee acquisition.

On May 16, 1965, nine days before the Vecek-Linn article was published in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and, accordingly, as no result of that article, I did in fact receive an offer from a third party for my stock in the Orioles and, in accordance with my agreement with the other Oriole stockholder, I notified him of that offer. He decided to exercise his



CBS MAN IGLEHART TUNES IN

to the question whether the Orioles should request Mr. Cronin as President of the American League to call a meeting to discuss the approval of the CBS acquisition, which had already been given orally. On that narrow question, i.e., whether the Orioles should request Mr. Cronin to call a meeting, there were three votes in favor and three against "with Mr. Iglehart abstaining." (The quotation is from the minutes of the meeting.) The vote was not broken, by my vote or otherwise, and on that narrow question no action was taken.

When the meeting of the American League was called by Mr. Cronin, and the board of the Baltimore Orioles at a meeting on September 4 considered what position it should take at that meeting, the unanimous action of the board was to appoint a committee consisting of Messrs. MacPhail, Krieger and

continued

option to purchase my stock and did in fact do so. I make this comment because it has been suggested that my sale of the Orioles stock was influenced by the Veeck-Linn article. This is as erroneous as was the statement in the article that my vote broke the deadlock on the Board of Directors of the Orioles.

Although it does not relate directly to the Veeck article, I cannot end this letter without referring to a statement made by Mr. Veeck as quoted in the newspapers after the announcement of my sale of my Orioles stock. Mr. Veeck was quoted as stating "Iglehart has been in direct violation of the baseball rules and this is the honorable way out." That I was not in violation of the baseball rules is evidenced by the facts already referred to: that the action taken by me in continuing to own Orioles stock and act as chairman of the board of the Orioles while I placed my CBS stock in trust with the First National Bank in Baltimore was in full compliance with the directions to me by the American League. My comment in response to Mr. Veeck's statement in the newspaper was given out to a television station in Baltimore. That statement read in part:

"At no time during any meeting of the Board of Directors of the Orioles or as any American League meeting did I ever vote in favor of the acquisition of the Yankees by the Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc. Had I voted, I would have voted in favor of CBS buying the Yankees as I think it is a good thing for baseball."

J. A. W. IGLEHART

Lutherville, Md.

● Mr. Iglehart is correct when he says that at no time did he cast a vote in favor of the acquisition of the Yankees by CBS. He is not correct when he accuses us of misstating the effect of his part in the proceedings. Mr. Veeck wrote that "it was his vote—the vote of a major stockholder of CBS—which put the deal through." He should have written, "It was his decision—the decision of a major stockholder of CBS—not to vote that helped secure the deal." When it came time for Iglehart to vote, three Orioles directors had declared in favor of asking American League President Joe Cronin to call a special meeting to investigate the sale; three had declared against such a request. Mr. Iglehart had already pronounced himself in favor of the deal. Without his vote at the Baltimore meeting, the board stood deadlocked and could take no action against it. His abstention thus was, in effect, a vote against the investigation and in favor of the CBS deal.

As for Mr. Iglehart's "other matters": 1) Mr. Veeck expressed neither approval

nor disapproval of Mr. Iglehart's decision to put his CBS stock in trust. He said the league owners gave Iglehart a choice of selling his CBS stock, selling his Baltimore stock or putting his CBS stock in trust. "This," he went on, "was tantamount to giving him the choice of cutting off his right arm, cutting off his left arm or clipping his fingernails. . . . Iglehart decided to go for the manicure." 2) Neither SI nor Bill Veeck made any remarks whatever about Mr. Iglehart's happiness or unhappiness with his associates in the ownership of the Baltimore Orioles, and we consider his eventual decision to sell his stock in that organization as well as his decision to become a board member of the CBS Yankees his own business.

We are grateful to Mr. Iglehart for setting the record straight and for his generosity in granting our writers title to their own views. We do not, most emphatically, share his opinion of Mr. Veeck's reliability.—ED.

#### HOMER

Sirs:

I really got a bang out of John Underwood's *The Harder-Working Steved* (July 5). Even if it's all true it beats anything that emerged from a hard-club convention that this writer has heard lately. Why, I'll bet he (Homer Stead) could outbox Clay, outthrust Mays, outrun Wills, rewrite the World's Fair and teach me to win the U.S. Open.

CARL E. CORLANDER JR.  
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Sirs:

Underwood should get an award.  
WILLIAM ROUTENBERG  
Dayton

#### MAN TO MAN

Sirs:

I would like to apologize for the quote attributed to me in Jack Mann's *Five-way Fight for a Pennant*, July 19. "Boston, Washington and Kansas City have no pitching . . . and hurt the race by being almost pussies." Evidently, I have a little trouble expressing myself.

Maybe someone else enjoys hitting against Richert, Daniels, McCormick, Radtke, Wilson, Monbouquette, Wyatt, Sheldon, Talbot—but I certainly haven't done too well with them this season.

The Washington "pussies" beat us four out of six last season coming down the stretch to knock us out of the World Series. The K.C. "pussies" have done pretty well against the White Sox this year also.

CHAGAO

PETE WARD

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There was Joe Goldstein, the public-relations counselor for Roosevelt Raceway, sitting around the office brooding about how he could improve the image of the seventh edition of the \$100,000 Roosevelt International trotting championship. Because, let's face it, it was a poky sort of image with horses like that and maybe he needed to counsel some kind of stunt that would get it the hell into the papers.

Zounds! he said in that earthy way public-relations counselors talk. That was it, of course. Before you could pronounce discotheque, he was on the telephone to the counselor for the club Arthur, the nation's newest orgone box with built-in stereophonic torture chamber sound, to make a tie-in.

Would the owner-hothead of Arthur, the newly wed Mrs. Jordan Christopher, onetime wife of Actor Richard Burton, would she consider lending her heaving, wailing, jiggery palace on Manhattan's East 54th Street for a party in honor of her fellow Welshman, Geoffrey Lord Langford, the World War II hero and trotting driver from North Wales? He and his trotter, Hans B., would be re-

## A Mippy Time at Arthur for Sybil and the Peer

by LIZ SMITH

resembling Great Britain in the Roosevelt International—the first time that country has participated.

Mrs. Christopher said yes she would cooperate, because she is nothing if not accommodating. The wives of the working press went into action as soon as they saw their husbands' invitations. "I hope you can make it," SYBIL CHRISTOPHER said. "Imagine! Summer furs were shaken out all over the Bronx and Queens and the wives started saving their appetites for those little bits of Kenel Ration you get on crackers at cocktail parties."

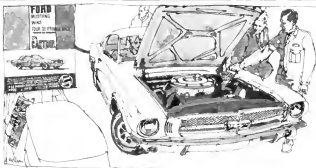
When the party started, Sybil sat in her usual station in the corner, against the multicolored, nightmare-lighted Mondrian-like wall and his Lordship sat

across the room fending off attacks from the press. He was charming about it all. Sybil was charming about it all, too.

The waiters in their marvelous Beatie haircuts and gray shirts with the white collars and cuffs brought drinks in those big, heavy old-fashioned bell glasses that are the only glasses used at Arthur and practiced their Mersey accents, several of the waiters being native New Yorkers.

A tall, dreamy-eyed English-appearing young man with long hair asked Sybil to dance. "No, luv," said Sybil to the young man, who turned out to be Joel Schumacher, the designer of the dress she had worn on the Arthur opening night. "I'm not up to it. But I want to talk to you about running up those velvet pajamas you sketched." Mr. Schu-

*continued*



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## A Mippy Time

macher saw someone doing the twist. "No one has ever done the twist in Arthur before," he said. "What a mippy party."

Asked what 'mippy' means, he said he didn't know, he'd just made it up. Asked if he were one of the many English designers imported to work for Seventh Avenue's Puritan Fashions Corp., he said no. "I grew up in Queens over the candy store. Do you love it?"

Lord Langford continued under attack in a small table, his back helplessly exposed to the dance floor. "You can have his Lordship as soon as Earl Wilson finishes," said a Roosevelt assistant flack. A reporter shoved him aside, ignoring his turn, and said, "What about your trotter, Hans B.? What makes you think he's got a chance?"

"Obviously a sports reporter," someone whispered to his Lordship, a dapper, genial man with sandy hair and a trim mustache. "They're the rude ones."

"Would you like to meet your hostess?" his Lordship was asked. "Oh, dear, yes," he said in his simple Welsh way. Lord Langford, Mrs. Christopher and Trainer Noel Simpson posed for a picture. NBC snatched Sybil from the scene for a private backroom interview. The press closed in on Lord Langford.

Reporter: Sir, have you ever been in a discotheque before?

Lord: To give a short answer—no.

Reporter: How do you like it?

Lord: I don't really know, you press people have been around like flies.

Reporter: Is your tie regimental, sir?

Lord: No, old school, Marlborough College. It's red, white, blue, red, white, blue, on and on, forever and ever.

Reporter: It's very dashing, sir, and I noticed a white back when you opened your coat, red suspenders.

Lord: Ah, yes, but in my country we call them braces. Suspenders are something you wear down here.

He pointed to his socks.

Sybil came along and the Roosevelts people invited her and her husband to the International on Saturday night to watch Lord Langford race.

"We'll be out of town over the weekend. I wish we could come," said Sybil.

A few days later the race came as rather an anticlimax to the excitement at Arthur. Sweden's Pluvier III won—and Lord Langford's horse, Hans B., finished eighth in a field of eight. For sheer nappiness, it's hard to beat that. **END**

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